Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. | Philadelphia, July 8, 1837. | Whole No. 832.

West front of Lichfield Cathedral, England.

The Cathedral of Lichfield has no pretensions to vie in architectural grandeur with that of York and several others in England; but it is not without considerable beauties, both in its external appearance and in its interior. It makes no great show when seen from a distance; but it possesses one advantage, in which it is almost singular among such building in this country, namely, the open space which it has to a considerable distance around it, enabling the spectator to obtain from the immediate neighborhood nearly a perfect view of it on every side. It stands on the spot which is elevated above the rest of the city, and surrounded by a wall which in former times was fortified, in imitation of the manner in which convents and other ecclesiastical possessions used often, in France and other foreign countries, to be secluded and converted into a sort of forts, or strong holds. This portion of the city of Lichfield is still known by the name of the *Close*, just as in old Paris there were the *Clos* of the Augustines, the *Clos* of the Jacobins, &c. The Close contains a considerable number of houses besides the cathedral; but they neither crowd upon the sacred edifice, as they do in most other cities, nor are they of so mean a description as to present a disagreeable or unsuitable contrast in its vicinity. Some old trees ornament the northern side of the lawn, in the midst of which the cathedral stands, which together with a sheet of water on the opposite side, give something of a rural air to the place.

The cathedral does not stand due east and west, as is usual with sacred buildings, but varies from the right line by an angle of about twenty-seven degrees, or not much less than the third part of a whole quarter of the compass. It is built in the customary form of a cross, the principal bar containing the nave of the church, the choir, and what is called the Lady Chapel. The extreme length is 403 feet; the shorter bar, or the transept, is 177 feet long. The width of the nave inside is about 66 feet. The principal front is the west. It is surmounted by two pyramidal spires; and a third, of the same form, rises from the centre of the building. The former are each 192 feet high; the latter rises to the height of 252 feet.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SONG OF THE MERMAIDS.

Away—away—to the moonlit shore,
Breasting the crested waves,
And list to the music of Ocean's roar,
As swiftly the foaming billows pour,
Beneath the sounding caves!

The stars o'er the night their vigil keep,
Like lamps in the blue vault beaming,—
And solemn stillness steals o'er the deep,
And the tired sea-boy is rocked to sleep,
In his lowly hammock dreaming!

Then up—away from the dark retreat,
Of the coral, shell and pearl,
And haste the light of the moon to meet,
On the lonely strand, where the beach is beat
By the billows gentle curl!

To the glittering depth a short adieu,
While the swelling wave we breast,
Afar—afar—o'er the moonlit blue,
Starting the Petrel and low Curlew
In fear from their stilly rest.

Then away—away—away—
Through the silvery night to roam,
Till the stars shall pale their matin ray,
And the sailor's shout shall tell of the day,
And summon the wanderers home! HAROLD.

A Tale for Lord Mayor's Day.

By the author of "London in the olden time."

Prologue.—Within the compass of the City walls we now have brought our scene.

Citizen.—Yes, Sir; but what need you study for new subjects? Why could you not be contented with the legend of Whittington? or the Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the Building of the Royal Exchange? or the story of Queen Elinor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon Woolsacks?

Prologue.—You seem to be an understanding man? what would you have us to do, Sir?

Citizen.—Why, present something notably in honour of the Commons of the City. I will have a draper, and he shall do admirable things.

Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Well, good reader, undismayed by the charge of childishness and cockneyism, unabashed by the uplifted eyes and smiles of gentle contempt of all the pageant-despising philosophers of this present most enlightened generation, I confess myself (and, I pray you, give me credit for the martyr spirit of the avowal) a lover of Lord Mayor's Show. Laugh on, dear reader, while, in 'sober sadness,' I confess that the many-coloured liveries, the far-floating banners, the plumed steeds, with their gallant riders so gay and glittering in their unaccustomed armour,—even that perfection of gilded ugliness, that vehicle so admirably adapted to take Gog and Magog out for an airing, the state-carriage,—can raise thoughts and feelings no other pageant, methinks, would have power to excite. It is not for what it is that Lord Mayor's Show is interesting, but for the long train of pleasing associations which, spell-like, it evokes:—the many centuries,—each with its series of important though slowly developed results,—which have rolled along since Fitz Alwyn, with his 'barons of the City,' reined his fair palfrey along the miry 'Stronde' to the Court of Exchequer; the many generations to whom Lord Mayor's Show has been a 'name of power,' a charm, and a spell, urging the young adventurer to bolder aims,—holding forth promises of wealth and future honour to the youthful merchant, when, with his scanty store of marks or bezants, he set forth in the small undecked vessel, on his first perilous voyage—and cheering the valiant 'prentice, through his seven long years of servitude, with whispers of future greatness—whispers more intelligible and more inspiring than that far off chime of St. Mary-le-Bow, whose merry music roused the desponding boy as he sate, careworn and forlorn, on the green slopes of Highgate, with the glad prophecy 'Thrice Lord Mayor of London.'

So, kind reader, let us take our station beside the strongly fortified gate of King Lud, and observe with what delighted wonder that handsome and intelligent boy, in his threadbare doublet and burel cloak, whose colour was once orange tawney, is eyeing the gorgeous procession, that, with banners and minstrelsy, and the merry peals of every church and convent's bells, preceded the velvet-trapped palfrey of Sir Walter Harveye, while I tell you a TALE OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

And truly, 'a *gorgeous procession*' was the fitting title for that gallant display of pageantry that came slowly on; for Lord Mayor's Show in 1273, was a sight worthy seeing. There marched the nine worthies in tabards of broidered samyte; there came 'sundrye dysguysinges,' 'salvage men' wrapt in skins, and minstrels arrayed 'Sarazinwyse,' with blackened faces and silver cymbals; there rode St. George, in knightly array, on his white destrere,—while, in honour of the Grocers' Company, to which worshipful fraternity the present Lord Mayor belonged, after their appropriated camels, appeared a representation of that 'beast most strange and wonderful to behold,' as the marvelling monk of St. Alban's describes, whose living presence, but a few years before, frightened the worthy citizens half out of their senses,—'an oliphaunte.' But who shall describe the splendid array of the city dignities,—the silks that rustled and glittered, the jewels that blazed so resplendently; and, not half-a-dozen men in mere tinsel armour, but the whole city watch in burnished morions and breastplates, and knights in real chain mail, that gleamed like woven silver? Alas! the poor boy had little cause for that delighted smile that played over his handsome features; for, of all the multitude that crowded the wide street, none knew or cared for him. But his were the buoyant feelings and bright anticipations of boyhood,—that clear spring morning, when the light clouds turn to gold, and its transient tears are exhaled as soon as shed: and the thought of destitution was forgotten, when he received from the friendly hand of one of the neighbouring liverymen a cup of spiced wine; and sorrow for the past and care for the future were alike postponed, as the glittering banners flung out their proud blazonry, and the gorgeous procession passed by like some splendid dream. The long-drawn pageant passed; the sounds of the merry music died away; and the populace, hushed into a momentary silence, again began to exercise their tongues and their voices freely.

As might be expected, the new Lord Mayor was the principal theme; for Sir Walter Harveye, who had come from a remote part of the country about fourteen years before, had risen so rapidly in wealth and influence, that the wondering citizens busied themselves in unavailing conjectures and hypotheses to account for his singular good fortune. Whatever were their opinions, they soon found it necessary to keep them to themselves; for Sir Walter Harveye, as Alderman Sandwyche observed, 'was fierce as Mahound,' and the trembling citizens, ere long, began to suspect that he was almost as powerful. But it was the air of mystery that pervaded his conduct, and the profound silence which he ever observed, both with regard to his family and the place whence he came, that inspired the simple-minded citizens with feelings of uncontrollable aversion.

'All things are not as they should be,' whispered old Maurice de Wrytel, who was shrewdly suspected of knowing somewhat more than his neighbours, with an oracular shake of the head, and a due emphasis on the negation. In these days of marvel and mystery, a shake of the head, especially if no reason were given for it, did wonders. So, ere a month had passed, half the citizens shook their heads most knowingly, and began to look forward without doubt, and certainly without regret, for Sir Walter's sudden disappearance, at the summons of a monarch more powerful than even the monarch of 'merry Englande.'

Things, however, did not so happen: this fearful rich man had become Lord Mayor; and, when the versatile populace beheld his splendid preparations,—the broad cloth and budge which he gave for liveries—the Clary and Muscatel he provided for the conduits—and the gallant swans, peacocks, and kingly sturgeons—the confections, too, and preserves from the farthest East, which were to grace his princely entertainment,—they half forgot their former terrors, and seemed willing to postpone his anticipated disappearance, at least until the close of his mayoralty.

'And what say you to this gallant show?' said the liveryman who had before noticed the stranger boy: 'who knoweth but, one day, ye yourself may be Lord Mayor! Of what craft are ye?'

'None,' replied he, sorrowfully, 'for I am a stranger here.' Now, whatever were the faults of our forefathers, want of benevolence was not among them: the answer of the young stranger was, therefore, heard with sympathetic kindness; and when he related his simple tale,—that he was an orphan from a remote part of the country, cared for and acknowledged by no one in that great city,—the kindly feelings of the bystanders were powerfully excited, and many were their friendly offers of advice and succour. 'Ye shall go home with me, an' ye list,' said the before-mentioned liveryman: 'serve me truly and faithfully, and ye shall have no cause to repent your bargain.'

The kind offer was eagerly and gratefully accepted by the stranger boy: he followed his intended master, with light step and merry heart, to his house in Candlewycke street; and, on the following day, the roll of the Draper's Company presented this entry:—'Johan Fitz Maynarde bound prentyce unto Alleyne de Forsham, on ye morne of Seynte Symone and Jhude, MCCLXXIII.'

Nor had our benevolent draper ever cause to repent his kind-hearted deed. Years passed on, and still found the young stranger faithful to his trust, diligent in his calling, winning favour and good-will from all,—especially his master, and his master's pretty daughter, Margaret. 'The saints most surely sent him to me,' cried Alleyne de Forsham to his neighbours; 'and, I pray ye, mark my words,—ye may judge from the eyas what the hawk will be; and I foresee he will be a great man, and an honour to our good city.'

Well, years passed on—almost six pleasant years, when it chanced, one merry holiday, the youth of the city were out in the adjacent fields, contesting in the various sports of the time, urged on to do their best by the presence of many of the principal citizens, who lived over their youth again, as they watched the gay pastimes of the happy boys, when our young hero was challenged to another trial of skill by a companion, who offered to stake a brooch of some value against a silver seal-ring which Fitz Maynarde wore carefully fastened about his neck,—an offer which, to the surprise of all, he peremptorily and angrily refused. 'Wherefore do ye refuse, my fair boy?' said our old acquaintance, Sir Walter Harveye, who stood among the great men of the city, beckoning him toward him.—'It was my father's,' answered he, with deep emotion; 'and my mother hung it round my neck on her deathbed, in memory of his wrongs and of vengeance.'—The great man glanced one hurried look at the ring, but, strange to say, asked no farther questions. But wherefore was it that Sir Walter so precipitately mounted his footcloth palfrey, and, followed by his esquire, rode so swiftly home, and summoned instantly to his presence his most confidential adviser, his confessor? No one could tell; but his menye shuddered at his fierce and demon looks that evening, and the meanest serving-man, as he stretched himself on his straw bed, sained himself from the glance of an evil eye, and blessed the saints he was not Sir Walter Harveye.

Great was the surprise of Alleyne de Forsham and his apprentice, when, on the following morning, a serving-man arrived at their dwelling, with a summons from this great but strangely suspected man, desiring instant speech of them. Marvelling at this unexpected message, they, not without some feelings of trepidation, (for aldermen were important personages in these days,) proceeded to the tall stone mansion, surrounded by its forecourt, garden, and orchard, on the left-hand side of the Aldersgate, where Sir Walter received them in knightly state, and commanded wafers and Ippocras to be served to them. 'My good Master de Forsham,' said he, 'I have taken a strange liking to yonder fair boy; 'tis a gallant youth, better fitted, I trow, to hold the palfrey, pour the wine, and present the salver, than to measure burel and broadcloth with the ellwand, and make bargains with Yorkshire clothiers, over the six-hooped pot of penny ale: so, I pray ye, transfer him to me, and I will make him my own page.' With many a reverential doff of the bonnet did our much surprised draper listen to this request; but, not altogether pleased at the depreciating way in which his craft and mystery had been treated, unwilling, too, to lose one whom he loved so much, yet not daring to hint refusal, he remained silent.

'My fair boy,' continued Sir Walter, turning to Fitz Maynarde, not doubting but the master's silence arose solely from his joy at this unlooked-for honour, 'ye must make ready forthwith, for I must to Bruges ere the vigil of St. Barnabas.' 'Noble Sir,' returned the apprentice, 'I may not profit by your goodness. Many thanks to ye, and the blessing of all the saints, but, I pray you, remember that good Master de Forsham took me in, when, forlorn and friendless, I first set foot in London. Suffer me, therefore, to stay with him, and, in some scant measure, to repay his kindness.'

'What say you to this, Master Draper?' said Sir Walter, sharply.

'Noble Sir,' replied de Forsham, 'loathe as I am to anger ye, I must yet say that this youth is to me as a son.'

'Away,' said Sir Walter, angrily, waving them from his presence; 'and you, foolish boy, who have cast wealth and honour so recklessly away, take heed the day come not when ye shall lament it, and bitterly, but in vain.'

With sorrowful heart and sad forebodings did our poor draper return home: he had incurred the displeasure of a powerful man,—a displeasure which, in those unsettled times, might display itself by mulct, increased tallage, or even by arbitrary imprisonment for some pretended crime; and a fixed presentiment of ill cast its dark shadow athwart his hitherto bright pathway. Months, however, passed swiftly away: Sir Walter had gone to Bruges, and fear of injury from him had vanished from the mind of de Forsham, when news arrived that a large consignment of his goods had been lost by shipwreck; and scarcely had the luckless draper recovered from his shock, when, in one of the riots so frequent in those times, the sanctuary men of St. Martin's broke into his warehouses and burnt and carried off great part of his remaining stock.

Sadly did winter come on—sadly for all classes; for a wet summer had produced a scanty harvest, and it was feared that the corn would scarcely last to Candlemas. And now the prophecy of Sir Walter Harveye, seemed, to the desponding mind of our young 'prentice, about to receive its full accomplishment. 'Alas!' said he to his constant companion, Margaret, 'when I refused Sir Walter's noble offer, solely that I might aid my worthy master, how little did I think that I should sit here useless, and eating your bread!'

Sorrowfully and slowly did the long winter pass away, for famine brought her never-failing attendant, sickness; and when spring advanced, for the merry games and ancient observances that were wont to hail its approach, there was the low monotonous chant of the companies of beggars and pilgrims supplicating relief; the loud rattle of the clap-dish, wherewith many a citizen, erst an householder, prayed the crumbs of his richer brethren's tables; and the frequent tinkle of the death-bell, borne by the sacristan before the uncovered bier. In the midst of these mournful scenes, while Fitz Maynarde and his hapless master were busying themselves with fruitless plans and vain hopes, the confessor of Sir Walter Harveye appeared. He brought a kind message of inquiry from his patron, who was still at Bruges; and he expressed much sympathy in de Forsham's misfortunes. 'My fair boy,' said he, 'although ye sorely angered Sir Walter, yet, such is his kindness, he still wisheth to do ye service; there is a place in his household now that ye may have; so meet me this evening, after complin, at the Queen of Saba, in Fleet street, and then will I settle with you.'

With heart overflowing with gratitude did Fitz Maynarde proceed to the place of meeting,—where, by the light of a huge log fire and blazing cressets, sate a merry crew of reckless and jovial revellers, who, amid the clatter of beer cans and wine stoups, and the discordant sounds of pipe, harp, and gittern, laughed, sang, laid wagers, threw dice, and called for the finest wastels to soak in their rich wine, though thousands around were destitute of the coarsest bread. And to this scene of riot, as taverns at this period seem mostly to have been—to this place, apparently so unfitted for one of his holy calling, did the confessor soon after come. He welcomed the young 'prentice kindly, ordered Greek wine, vernage and pigment, and ginger confection, and sugared wafers, and, beckoning to him three strangely sinister-looking men, who seemed to be well known to him, bade the astonished Fitz Maynarde enjoy the unaccustomed luxuries, and be merry. Little time had passed ere angry words arose among the priest's companions: words soon produced blows: at length, knives (at this period always worn at the girdle) were drawn. The tumult now became general, the lights were extinguished, cries of murder were heard; and when, at length, the watch burst in, and the cressets were relighted, the priest was discovered lying beside the settle with two deep gashes in his throat.—'Seize every one,' said the principal officer; 'this must be answered for before Sir Gregory Rockeslye.'

It was in vain that the luckless Fitz Maynarde, when recovered from the first alarm, prayed to be allowed to depart; it was in vain that many of the bystanders bore witness to his peaceable conduct: manslaughter, if not murder, had been committed, and all were consigned to Newgate.

Some time elapsed ere the trial took place; but how great was the surprise of the citizens at the strange disclosures then made!

'In sooth, my fair boy,' said Sir Gregory Rockeslye to our now liberated hero, 'the saints, truly, watch over ye. Rightly did that wicked confessor meet his death: for he hired those scatterlings, who to-morrow will take their last draught at St. Giles, to murder you in that affray; but he, changing places in the tumult, took that as his guerdon which was meant for ye.'

'Heaven be praised!' cried Fitz Maynarde. 'I see it all: that cruel confessor was, doubtless, jealous of my favour with good Sir Walter Harveye, and, therefore, he compassed my death. Well, *Domine miseratur!* But, alas! through this delay, I have lost the place he promised me, and that noble gentleman will never, I fear, do aught for me again.'

'Heed it not, my fair boy,' replied Sir Gregory Rockeslye. 'That ye should twice have been prevented taking livery of Sir Walter is so strange, that more, doubtless, is in it than we can foresee. 'Tis a mad world, and our troubles are oft-times our blessings, and our good fortune too often the sure harbinger of ill.'

Summer now advanced, and London began to resume her heretofore gay and busy appearance,—for the sickness had ceased, and trade had revived; but the changed aspect of things brought no prospect of improvement to the luckless draper. His stock was gone, his money was spent, nor could he look for the customary assistance from the brethren of his guild, for they had in like manner suffered.—It was indeed a sorrowful time. At length an unexpected gleam of sunshine illumined his cloudy sky—Sir Walter Harveye had returned, had inquired kindly after him, and, ere long, he sent a messenger, commanding the instant attendance of Fitz Maynarde. Away hurried our hero, blessing every saint in the calendar, and invoking every blessing on the head of his benevolent patron; but, when he returned, there was more of sorrow than of joy on his countenance. 'Alas! I must indeed leave ye,' said he to Margaret, 'and for a long and perilous voyage. To-morrow evening Sir Walter's carrack, the "Whyte Faucon," saileth to Cyprus for dates and spiceries; and I am to go as servant to the master. Do not lament,' continued he, 'for I dared not a third time refuse; and moreover, he saith, neither you nor my good master shall ever want a friend.' Little comfort did this assurance give poor Margaret, now about to lose the playmate of her childhood. Was it possible he could return safely from a perilous voyage, almost as far as the country of the Saracens? (Our worthy forefathers seemed always to imagine there were far more dangers on the smooth and sunny Mediterranean, than amid the chafing billows and foaming surges of the northern seas.) Besides, was it not to fetch spiceries! and had not these adventurous merchants to combat huge dragons, breathing flame and pestiferous vapour? a fact always sturdily maintained by the brethren of the worshipful guild of Grocers, to account for the high prices of their 'cloves, canel, and gingelofre.' O! how was it possible, then, that Johan Fitz Maynarde should ever come home in safety? With a heavy heart did poor little Margaret set about her preparations for his voyage. She duly sprinkled each garment with holy water, and procured a cunning scribe to write the first verse of St. John's Gospel on a lozenge-shaped piece of parchment, to be hung as a charm about his neck.

Too soon did the short interval fleet away,—the last farewells were said; and, scarcely trusting himself to cast one parting look at the dwelling where he had passed so many happy days, Fitz Maynarde proceeded to the tall stone house beside Aldersgate.

Sir Walter received him with the show of great kindness. 'All things are settled,' said he; 'but, as I wish to sail before my fellow merchants, the carrack will drop down the river after nightfall; so be secret; and, when ye come to the Tower, ask not for the "Whyte Faucon," but stand aside, until ye see two men in rough coats; then say, "Is it here?" and if they answer, "Away," go with them.'

Fitz Maynarde in vain attempted to articulate his thanks. 'My fair boy,' said Sir Walter, taking his own silver cup, and pouring from a carefully sealed flask a rich and spicy cordial, 'take this cup of Ipocras to bear ye on your way, and to drink to your merry voyage.'

'Heaven reward ye, noble Sir, even as ye have dealt with me!' cried the grateful young man.

'Farewell!' said Sir Walter, in a suppressed tone, as the unsuspecting Fitz Maynarde, with heavy step, departed; 'thou and I must, henceforth, have the broad sea, or perchance a wider gulf, between us.'

Absorbed in sorrowful musings, the disconsolate young man took his way, casting from time to time a mournful look up to the tall spires, gleaming in the rosy light of evening, as he bitterly thought how many a bright setting sun would gild tower and spire ere he should again tread those streets.—And onward he went, until, looking up, he found himself beside the open door of the church of St. Lawrence, at the corner of Candlewycke streets.—'It may be long, indeed, ere I enter a church again' said he, as the untried dangers of the deep arose to his mind; 'and a voyage begun with prayer may, perchance, end with thanksgiving.'

He entered; and, unwilling to attract notice from his neighbours, he proceeded up the side aisle, and, reverently kneeling on the right-hand side of the altar, behind the large pillar, addressed himself to his devotions. The service soon ended; but Fitz Maynarde arose not to go. His eyes were fixed on the fair altar window, where saints and angels, surrounding the canonised martyr, seemed, in the darkening twilight, about to vanish into air; and, delivering himself up to the superstitious feeling of the age, he imagined—nay, believed, that they cast a look of benignant encouragement upon him: and he hailed it as an omen of happiest prophecy. With the fastcoming darkness a strange drowsiness stole upon him,—the soporific draught began to take effect: he attempted to rise, but in vain; and, unseen by the sacristan, who quickly closed the doors, he stretched himself on the pavement, and sank into a deep and dreamless slumber.

The morning sun was high in heaven, the chimes were pealing for matins, and the sacristan and assistants had entered the church to hang the tapestry, and to strew the choir: (for it was the festival of the patron saint;) but still the young man slept soundly.

'Up, up, young vagabond,' cried the sacristan, shaking him with no gentle force; 'up, and answer before Alderman Sandwyche, wherefore ye came to take up your night's lodging in the church.'

Fitz Maynarde looked up—how could it be? the dim altar window, on which his closing eyes had been fixed, was now blazing in gold and purple, and he looked around stupified and bewildered.—'Good master?' said he, 'how is this?' Methought I was but e'en now hearing complin. Saints! I must be at the Tower ere eight!'

'Ere eight!' cried the sacristan; 'sure the fiend himself hath bereft ye of your senses. Ere eight! know ye not ye have slept *here* all night!'

The affrighted young man cast a wild look at the speaker, and then at the bright sunshine that streamed in so gorgeously through the fair traceried windows. 'Alas! it is too true! unhappy wretch that I am!' cried he, striking his breast: 'saints! the carrack has sailed! I am ruined for ever!' and, overcome by the recollection of his cruel destiny, he sat down and wept bitterly.

While poor Fitz Maynarde was thus bewailing his singular ill fortune, too disconsolate to receive the comfort which the kind-hearted parishioners, who were now fast entering the church, sedulously offered him, great was the confusion that prevailed in the ward of Aldersgate; for a messenger from the King had arrived, commanding the instant attendance of Sir Walter Harveye, at Westminster: but he was no where to be found. His domestics asserted that he had gone out the preceding evening unattended, soon after the departure of the young man; and a canon of St. Martin's-de-Grand affirmed, that he had met him in the twilight, hurrying along as though unwilling to be seen, just beside the church of St. Mary de Monte Alto, in Thames street. As this was the whole amount of information that could be obtained, the city authorities, forthwith, proceeded to the mansion to take instant possession,—a proceeding very necessary in those good old times, when king, prelate, or powerful noble, alike followed

"That good old rule—that simple plan—
That he should take who had the power,
And they might keep—who can."

So they caused instant proclamation to be made at each cross and conduit, that whoever could tell aught of Sir Walter Harveye should straightway appear before them.

'An' Sir Walter Harveye *be* gone, he is gone for aye,' cried old Maurice de Wrytel, who, attracted by the '*Oyez*,' of the pursuivant, stood leaning on his staff beside the old stone cross, commonly called the Standard, at the top of West Cheap.—'Ay, 'twas said by a wise priest, and one who read the stars, that thrice seven years should he prosper, and then that the end should be.' The bystanders sained and crossed themselves at this mysterious remark, while all the vague but strange conjectures which Sir Walter Harveye had in former years awakened, returned with renewed force to their minds. Still sat the aldermen in solemn state,—and strange, indeed, were the accounts they received: Sir Walter Harveye's great carrack, the 'Whyte Faucon,' was still in the river, and not likely to sail for several days; but a vessel, shrewdly suspected to be a pirate, and bound, as was reported, to Cales, with slaves, did certainly drop down the river last evening after nightfall; and an old man, who chanced to be by, reported, that a man, wrapt in a large cloak, was seized and forcibly carried on board just before it set sail. This singular account, added to the strange story of the young man, who had been so wonderfully prevented from sailing in that very vessel, determined the aldermen to summon Fitz Maynarde before them; and, at the same time, old Maurice de Wrytel was called on to detail what he knew. Stupified with the unlooked-for events of the morning, and grieved at the unexpected disappearance of his benefactor, poor Fitz Maynarde soon after entered the Hall, where, with much circumlocution and many a *benedicite*, Maurice de Wrytel was giving his evidence. 'And, soothly, I cannot tell much,' said he; 'though, from the little I *do* know, I had safelier met a raging dragon than that Sir Walter, an' he had known who I was. Little did he think that I stood in St. Martin's churchyard, at Normanton, on the eve of St. Erkenwald, when he strove with his brother about their inheritance, and brands were drawn, and his brother fell slain just beside the church porch. 'Twas a foul deed,—but he sold the manor to the monks of St. Martin, and fled away with the money; for, behold ye, his brother had a son born that very day, and 'twas said by one who was never deceived, that, whatever might be done, that child should inherit all.'

'Good master, what say you!' cried Fitz Maynarde, in great agitation.

'A fearful story, my fair boy,' returned the old man; 'for had it not been for that accursed love of the red gold, (from which our sweet Lady ever shield us!) Radulf de Pounteney had never lifted hand against his own brother.'

'Merciful Heaven!' exclaimed Fitz Maynarde, 'how wonderful are thy ways! Three times, in the guise of charity, hath my most bitter enemy proffered me aid, by which to secure my destruction, and thrice have I wondrously escaped. *I* am that child born on St. Erkenwald's eve, when my father was so foully slain; and Sir Walter Harveye was, doubtless, Radulf de Pounteney, and my uncle.'

And so it was:—Sir Walter Harveye was never more heard of;—he had, doubtless, met the fate he intended for his nephew;—and our young hero, now Johan de Pounteney, took possession of all his wealth.

Who shall describe the joy with which good Alleyne de Forsham heard the welcome news of his young 'prentice's good fortune? Johan de Pounteney insisted on taking him home to share his wealth; and he, ere long, shared his name with pretty Margaret. And, finally, good reader, if you would wish to trace the after-course of this princely draper, honest John Stow will with right good-will, inform you,—how, in rich array, and fair pageantry he four times rode in goodly procession as Lord Mayor,—how he received knighthood from the hands of Edward the Second,—how he purchased the princely mansion of Colde Harborowe of Sir Ralph de Bigod, and Sir Johan de Coventon, and built the church of Allhallows the Less close beside it,—and how (doubtless in gratitude for that last most signal interposition of Heaven) he beautified, and richly endowed, the church of St. Lawrence, founding therein a college for a Master and seven chaplains, the site of which still bears his name, and is now his only memorial.

Long and prosperous were the days of this princely draper: and, when, at length, followed by the blessings of the whole city, he and Dame Margaret slumbered beneath the 'fayre marble toumbe,' in his chapel on the north side of the choir of St. Paul's, each year did the City Officers go in solemn procession thither; while, ever at nightfall, the last sounds that floated in rich harmony along the vaulted aisles of that fair cathedral, was the chant that supplicated eternal repose for the soul of 'Syr Johan de Pounteney.'

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LINES.

When the bright sun slow sinking in the West,
Gilds with his parting beams the mountain crest,
When shadows lengthen on the grassy plain,
And gathering darkness reasserts her reign,
I love to wander forth—'tis my delight
In the calm twilight of approaching night,
To seek in forest depths some lone recess,
Haunted by Nature in her loveliness.
Like Tempe's vale where all is soft and sweet,
And Nature's music doth the spirit greet,
Raising the listener in extatic bliss,
To fancy worlds—while all forgotten this,
Imagining landscapes of Elysian grace,
Peopled by some bright—ever happy race,
Where nought of sorrow ever can be near,
Vice is unknown and Virtue held most dear.
Thrice happy he, whose willing eye can trace
Beauty in all—in every thing a grace,
Soulful perfection in each work to shine,
And feel "the hand that made them is Divine,"
Joy in each change—the ever murmuring breeze—
The gushing waters—and the waving trees,
The vast expanse of Heaven in starry light,
Shining abroad—embellishing the night,
Awakening pleasure, such as oft is brought
By Nature's scenes—but never can be taught. W.

IT'S MY LUCK.

AN IRISH SKETCH—BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Some call it Providence, and others fate."

"Well, ma'am dear, I never thought that ye'r going into foreign parts would make a heathen of ye entirely. To be sure, it turns the mind a little to leave one's own people; but to shift 'that way against what the whole world knows to be as true as gospel! It's myself that couldn't even it to you, at all, at all—so I couldn't—if I hadn't heard it with my own ears!"

"I assure you, Moyna, you are very much mistaken in imagining that the whole world adopt your notions of predestination, for—"

"I ax ye'r pardon for interrupting you, my lady; but I said nothing about pra—pra—I can't twist my tongue round the word," continued Moyna; adding with that exuberant vanity which prevents the Irish from ever pleading guilty to the sin of ignorance—"Not but I've often heard it before."

"Predestination, Moyna, means what you call Luck—a thing you believe you cannot avoid—a sort of spirit that deals out to you good or evil, in defiance of your own wishes."

Moyna looked puzzled—exceedingly puzzled: she knocked the ashes out of her pipe against the post originally intended to support a gate, which, according to Moyna's reading, "her luck" had prevented from being either made or hung; and stuffing her middle finger into the bowl of the little puffing medium, so as to ascertain that no hidden fire remained in its recess, also returned it to her pocket—clasped her hands so as to grasp the post within their palms, and leaning against it, one foot crossed over the instep of the other, she turned her head a little round, and called to her husband by the familiar but affectionate appellation of "Tim a vourneen!"

"Tim"—or, to speak more correctly; Timothy Brady—made his congee from beneath the roof of a picturesque but most comfortless sheeling—a cottage in reality. Nothing could be more beautiful than the surrounding scenery: wood and water—hill and dale—a bold mountain in the distance—a blue sky over head—the turrets of a lofty castle shining among the woods—and the lawns and shrubberies of another, extending to the little patch or common, on which seven or eight huts, similar in appearance to my poor friends' dwelling; were congregated. The lord of the one mansion imported his own mutton into England; and the master of the other assured his London friends, that his agent assured him, that the peasantry in the neighborhood of his park were "the finest and happiest peasantry on the face of the earth." But neither the one nor the other had any thing to do with my poor cotter and his wife, for it was many years since they had visited their estates. Had it been otherwise Timothy and Moyna must have thought more wisely, and acted more discretly.

Timothy Brady differed in nothing from the generality of his countrymen, except that he was "better larned," for he could read and write, and, when a lad, was in great esteem as a "mass server," and noted as being "remarkable handsome at the altar." I had not seen him for some time, and was struck with the painful change which a few years had made in his fine athletic form. Moyna had ever been a careless, affectionate "slob of a girl," who would "go from Bantry to Beyne to sarve me on her bare knees," but had little idea of serving herself. Such a character is not improved by age; but there was a time when I had hoped a better fate for Timothy. His sunken eye became bright and animated when he saw one who had rendered him some service, and he pulled up his stockings over his bare legs, with that striking regard to propriety which an Irish peasant rarely forgets in the presence of a female. *After the usual civilities had passed, Moyna commenced—

"The lady's at me agin about the luck; and now, may be she'll have the goodness to say what she said a while ago."

"I told your wife that Predestination is what she calls Luck, and that she would agree very well with the Turks."

"The Turks!" repeated Moyna, throwing up her hands and eyes in horror. "Oh, ma'am, honey—I never thought you'd even the Turks to one of your own country. Oh, Tim, Tim! was I like a Turk when I sat by your bed, night and day, while ye had the typhus fever? Was I like a Turk when I took Mary Clooney's child from off the dead breast of its mother, and she kilt at the same time by that very fever, that kilt her husband? Was I like a Turk when I took the bed, that was no bed, only a lock o' straw, from under me, that blind Barry might die dacent and aisy, in consideration of the high family that oned him? Was I like a Turk when"—

"Moyna, will ye whisth, woman dear!—you have no understanding: the lady only meant that you and the Turks had different names for the same thing. Was'nt that it?"

I bowed and smiled.

"Was that it? Och, bother!—to be sure we have different names. I ax ye'r pardon, but I think ye said I'd agree with the Turks?"

* I may mention, by the way, a striking instance of this characteristic. Some friends of mine were on a boating excursion, a few years ago, in Bantry Bay—and a lady was filling to each of the boatmen a glass of whiskey.—Observing that one of them was looking in an opposite direction, she slyly dipped the glass into the water and handed it to him in lieu of the more agreeable beverage. The man took it, bowed, and—while the eyes of the whole party were upon him, expecting a "splutter," or perhaps an oath—drank it off, returned the glass, with a "thank ye kindly, ma'am," and without the slightest change of countenance. "Why Pat," exclaimed the lady, in astonishment—"Do you like salt-water?" "No, ma'am I do not like salt-water, but if you had given me a glass of poison, I should have drank it."

"Yes, good Moyna, in one thing; you believe in Luck, and so do they."

Moyna was appeased, and Timothy took up the matter.

"There's no denying luck, nor going against it, lady dear, that's the long and short of it. It's my luck never to make as much by any thing as another. Why the bonneen we raised from the size o' my hand, that Dorney Cobb offered me any money for at Candlemas, caught cold and died at Easter; sorra a man on the common had the luck to lose a pig but myself!"

"How did it catch cold?"

"Out of nothing in the world but my luck; it was used, poor thing, to sleep in the cabin with ourselves, as the sty had no roof; but a neighbour's child was sick, and my woman axed some of the family in, and the pig was forced, out of manners, to give up his bed, and sleep in the sty, which, as it had no roof, let in the rain. And it was mournful to hear the wheezing he had in the morning; and to see him turn his back on the pick of his mealy potatoes just before he died."

"Well, Timothy, I should call that mismanagement; I do not see either good or bad luck in the case; for it is clear, that, if the sty had been roofed, the pig would not have been used to the cottage warmth, and consequently, could not have caught cold."

"Well, lady; listen—it was my luck entirely that hindered my roofing the sty. I'll tell ye all about it. Did ye know Tom Dooly?—sorra a hand's turn he'd do from Monday morning till Saturday night—barring the heighth of mischief. Ye didn't know Tom!—well, ma'am, I'm sure ye mind his brother Micky—'One-Eyed Mick,' he was called, because he as good as lost the other in a bit of a spree at the fair of Rathmullin, and could get no justice for it."

"No justice for the *spree* do you mean, Timothy?"

"No, ma'am, I mean justice for his eye; clearly proving there's no law for the poor—God help them! The boy he fought with was as good as thirty years older than himself, a tough ould fellow, with a crack-stick skull that nothing could harm. So Mick know'd that, and he never offered at the head, but the shins—which he broke as compleat as any thing you ever saw. And so the magistrate set the ould boy's shins against Mickey's eye, and bid them make it up. Ah! there's no law for the poor, at all, at all!"

"But Timothy, let us go back to where we set out—the pig-sty."

"Troth, yes," returned Tim, "though I'm sorry to take a lady to a dirty subject. Tom Dooly says to me, says he, 'Tim ye're in want of a lock of straw to keep the heavens out of the piggery.' 'I am,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'come over to me, I've a lot of as fine barley straw as ever danced under a flail, and ye shall have it, just for thank ye.' 'God bless ye, and good luck to you and your's, Mister Tom,' says I, 'good luck to you and your's for ever and ever, amen!' 'And when 'ill you look over for it?' says he. 'To-morrow, for certain,' says I. 'Very good—to-morrow by all means,' says he, 'and make my respects to the woman that owns ye.' Now, ma'am dear, mind the luck—something or other hindered Moyna from taking my brogues to be mended, to the brogue-maker's that night.—So I could'nt go the next day, and that very evening a great splinter ran into my foot out of the spad-handle."

"Stop, my good friend; if the spade handle was splintered, why did you not mend it?"

"Ma'am dear that was a way you had, ever and always, tripping a body up in their story. Sure I did mend—that is I cased it with a bit of a cord.—But it was my luck hindered me, and the bad foot, from going the day after that; and one thing or another came across me, until it was a week before I could go for the straw.

Well, sure, the black boy himself put it into my head to borrow Matthew Maccan's white mare. 'Take her and welcome,' says Matty; 'but mind, if you put yourself or any thing else on her, she'll kick till she smashes every bone in your body, though she'll draw a creel, or a cart, till the day of judgment, as easy as May butter.—'Thank ye kindly, Matthey,' says I, 'I'll mind that enough,' and away I went. And at his own gate I saw Tom, as grand as Cromwell, with his hands in his pockets, and a silk Barcelona round his neck like any gentleman. To be sure the luck of some people! 'Good evening, Tim,' says he. 'Good evening kindly,' says I. 'Where are you going with Matthew Maccan's beast?' says he. 'No farther than this,' says I, 'until I go home again.' 'I'm always glad to see an ould friend,' says he; 'but why did'nt ye come,' says he again, 'for the barley straw?' 'Sure, I'm come for it now,' says I. 'You are!' says he, opening his great gray eyes at me, like a wild cat; 'sorra as much for ye then, as would build a sparrow's nest,' says the traitor: 'If ye'd been glad of it, you would have come when you was bid to come, and not let a whole week rowl over your head. I gave the straw to Jemmy Hatchet, and by this time it's no straw, but a roof, and a good one too, to his stye, and his nate clean barn.' 'It's ill done of ye,' says I, as cool as a cabbage leaf, though my blood was boilin' at the ill luck that follows me; 'ye might have waited; but never heed,' and I turned the horse round to come home. 'Sure,' says he, 'ye're not going to stir ill-blood out of the offer I made ye from kindness; if ye did not take advantage of it, it was your fault, not mine.' Well, I did'nt value the straw a traneen, ma'am dear; I've a spirit above it; but I did not like his bestowing his dirty straw upon Jemmy Hatchet: so I makes answer, 'Do you say I'm in fault?' 'To be sure I do,' he says, with a grin of a laugh. 'Then by this, and by that,' I says, swearing a great whale of an oath, that I'd be sorry to repeat before a lady, 'I'll make ye eat both ye'r words and the straw.' 'Ye can't,' says he, 'and what's more ye dar'nt; a'nt I the priest's nephy?' Well, that would rouse the blood of a wood-queest, for it was cowardly like; and as my luck would have it, I hit him an unlucky blow; and a dale of sorrow it got me into: for I had the world and all of penance, to say nothing of being had up, and he swearing he gave no provocation.—For sartin I did'nt mean to have struck so hard, and did'nt think his bones were so soft. But that wasn't all of it—going home the trouble of what I had done uppermost, I forgot what Mat said about the horse, and got on the baste's back, who made no more ado, but kicked and plunged, and pitched me into the thick of a pond full of young ducks and geese; and two ganders set upon me, and as good as tore the eyes out of my head, before I could get out of the water; and I had to pay two and three half-pence for the young that was killed in the scrummage. And well I know it's long afore such luck would have followed any other boy in the parish but myself. Now, ma'am dear, isn't that luck?"

"Is your story finished, Tim?"

"It just is, ma'am, darlint,—that is, I mean the sty story is finished; but I could tell ye twenty as good, and better too, to show what ill luck I have."

"There's no luck, ill or well, that I can see from beginning to end. Your misfortunes entirely arose out of your want of punctuality: had your shoes been mended, as they ought to have been, you could have gone for the straw with comfort on the evening you were desired. Still, their not being mended was no excuse for your want of punctuality. You put me in mind of an anecdote I heard once of two Irishmen, who were too lazy to pluck the figs that hung over their heads in a beautiful garden in Italy. There they lay on their backs, beneath a tree covered with fruit, their mouths open for the figs to fall into. At last a fig, by what you may call 'luck,' fell into the mouth of one of these Irishmen. 'What a lucky dog you are, Paddy!' said the other, opening his great mouth still more widely. 'I don't know that, Loony,' replied Paddy, after swallowing the fig, 'for I have had the trouble of chewing it!'"

"Agh, ma'am honey! I wonder how you have the heart to tell such stories against your own country: letting the foreigners laugh at us that way."

"Listen, Timothy: how would your own case read? Timothy Brady was indicted for an assault upon Mister Thomas Dooly, who swore that he told the aforesaid Timothy Brady, that, if he came to him on the evening of the first of May, he would make him a present of a load of straw to thatch his pig-sty; that Brady promised to come, but never came until the seventh of May: and in the meantime he, Thomas Dooly, thinking Brady did not wish to thatch his pig-sty, had given the load of straw to an industrious man who did thatch his pig-sty; that when Brady found the straw had been given, he, without any provocation—"

"Oh, easy, ma'am dear!—you forget the laugh."

"And who could help laughing!—without any provocation, did assault the said Thomas Dooly.' Now is it not so, worthy Timotheus?"

Reasoning with the Irish on this same subject is pretty much like attempting to swim against the stream of a powerful river. You catch some little turn or current, and you think you have them there. No such thing. Away they go the next minute.

Moyna now took up the subject. "Sure, ma'am, you must allow that what happened to Milly Boyle was luck! Poor thing!—she'd as bad luck as her neighbours, and worse too, but she could not go past what was before her."

"Milly Boyle,—I remember her,—a blue-eyed fair-haired girl."

"With rosy cheeks, and a smile ever ready to coax them into dimples. Ah, ma'am! she was the pride of the whole village. And her poor mother (and she a widdy) doated on her as mother never doated on a child before or since, to my thinking. Then her voice was as clear as a bell, and as sweet as a linnets; and though she had forty pounds to her fortune, besides furniture, a feather-bed, and a cow, to say nothing of the pigs, and powers of fowl, and lashings of meal and cuttings, (sure her uncle, big Larry Boyle, is a miller,)—though she was as humble as a wild violet, and to the poor was ever ready with a soft word, and a 'God save you kindly,' and her hand in her pocket, and out with a five-penny bit, or a tester; or would think nothing of lapping her cloak round her, and away to any sick woman, or poor craythur of a man that 'u'd be ailing, and give them the grain of tea, or the bit of tobacco, or taste of snuff, to comfort them; and the prayer of the country side was, 'Good luck to Milly Boyle!' To be sure if she hadn't the bachelors no girl ever had. Shoals of 'em watching for her coming out of the chapel, or from the station, or the wake, as it might be, waylaying her, as a body may say; and though she was main civil to them all, and smiles were as plenty and as sweet with her as harvest-berries, yet it was long before she laid her mind to any, until her fancy, fixed on Michael Langton, one of the best boys in the barony: handsome and well to do in the world was Michael, and every one was rejoiced at her luck. Well, the day was fixed for the wedding, and even the poor mother thanked God on her knees, and offered a cock to Saint Martin, and a box of real wax candles to the Virgin—her blessing be about us for ever and ever, Amen! And the evening before, Michael and Milly were walking down by the river, at the bottom of the common, and Milly spied a bunch of wild roses hanging over the stream, and she took a fancy to the flowers; and to be sure Mike made a spring at them, but his luck took the footing from under him, and Lord save us! the poor boy was drowned in the sight of her eyes. But the worst of the woe is to come; she got a brain fever out of the trouble, and the fever scorched up her brain, so that there was no sense left in it though her heart was as warm as ever; and then she used to go rambling about the country with her hands crossed on her breast, and her eyes evermore wandering; and if she'd hear a cry or a moan, she'd run to see if she could do any thing to lighten the throuble, and yet she had no sense left to know how to set about it. And oh ma'am dear, the mother of her!—to see that poor woman fading away from off the face of the earth, and following her as if she was her shadow! 'twas the hardest luck I ever knew."

"And what became of poor Milly?"

"The worst of luck, if it's as long as a midsummer day, must have an end—and so ma'am dear, Milly died. And it was quare, too, she was found dead under a wild-rose-tree—I often h'ard they were unlucky things—there she was, and I h'ard them that found her tell, that it was a beautiful melancholy sight to see her—her cheek resting on her arm as if she was asleep, and ever so many of the rose-leaves scattered by Nature like, over her white face!"

"And her mother?"

"Ah, ma'am, they say ould hearts are tough! but if it's true, sorrow can tear them to pieces—the two were buried in the same grave."

Moyna's story moved me much; I wished them both a kind good morrow, and had nearly arrived at the village where we lodged, when panting and breathless, she overtook me.

"What's the matter Moyna?"

"Oh, the man has the tooth-ache so bad that I'm forced to run for a pipe, the smoking does it good."

"What, has he not a pipe?"

"He had, ma'am, but he lent it to Briney Moore."

"But I saw you put a pipe in your pocket not twenty minutes ago."

"So you might, ma'am dear, that's my luck; it would have stayed quiet and easy in any body else's pocket, but there was a hole in mine, so it walked out and broke, without so much as by ye'r leave."

"And why did you not mend the hole?"

"Faith, [illegible] out again," said Moyna, with some impatience of tone and gesture. "Where's the good of mending any thing, when we've no luck."

Poor Moyna! she would been very angry had she known that I again compared her to the Turks, and was more than ever satisfied that, till belief in fatalism is rooted out, poor Ireland will "have no luck!"

FROM THE LONDON METROPOLITAN.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,—
We met—and we parted for ever.
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story,
Of friends long past to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet,
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vow'd we would never—no never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling:
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine,
Are cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
He's shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full to weeping;
Each *star* is to me a *sealed book*,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odour and bloom of those by-gone years,
Shall hang round its water forever.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

SHE IS THINE.

She is thine, the word is spoken;
Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Though all other ties are broken,
Time these bonds shall never part,
Thou hast taken her in gladness
From the altar's holy shrine,
Oh! remember in her sadness,
She is thine, and only thine.
In so fair a temple never,
Aught of ill can hope to come,
Good will strive, and striving, ever
Make so pure a shrine a home
Each the other's love possessing,
Say what care should cloud that brow,
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou.

DUTIES OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

It is the duty of brothers and sisters to admonish one another for their faults. There are failings in the temper, and defects in the manners, which are concealed with care from the eyes of the world, but which are apparent amidst the ease and the freedom of domestic life. There men are accustomed to express their opinions, and to discover their feelings with less reserve. It is here that discontent will utter those murmurs, which pride suppresses while they mingle in society. It is here that envy will express its malignant surmises and wishes respecting the propriety of others, which policy conceals in the presence of neighbours; and here peevishness and anger are sometimes shown in a very foolish and sinful manner, by those who, in the public intercourse of life, maintain great command of temper.

It is your duty to reprove for such faults; and it is a peculiar advantage which you have, that love will give a softness and a meekness to your admonitions, which will secure to them a favourable reception. It cannot be imagined that such reprovers are disposed to aggravate our faults, or that they wish to arrogate any domineering control. The consciousness which we have of their piety and worth will give greater weight to their disapprobation of what is wrong, than we should attach to that of others whom we had less opportunities of knowing, and whose reproofs we might ascribe to unworthy motives.

Those faults of ours which are obvious to the world, our neighbours and acquaintances may be afraid to reprehend, and they will consider you as especially bound to perform this necessary office.—You know how eager men are to devolve unpleasant duties upon others, and to think themselves warranted to "let those alone," about whose conduct friends show no solicitude. If you say, "am I my brother's keeper?" a stranger will not submit to the anxiety and the trouble of being his guardian. If follies are not checked at home, or by strangers, they will settle into habits. None of you can be ignorant of the progressive nature of sin; and that the most shocking excesses have been at last committed by those who indulged in violence of temper and levities of behaviour, under the absurd idea that these would never lead them into vices and crimes; faults which the gentle admonitions of friendship were never employed to correct, will probably, even in this world, be punished by a rougher hand. The indolence from which the young were never roused has kept them all their after days in poverty; and the pride which was never repressed, has rendered them odious.—Never let affection render you blind to the deformity of sin, or induce you to palliate what you ought decidedly to condemn.

A MOTHER'S TEARS.—There is a sweetness in a mother's tears when they fall on the face of a dying babe, which no eye can behold with heart untouched. It is holy ground, upon which the unhallowed foot of profanity dares not encroach. Infidelity itself is silent and forbears her mocking; and here woman shows not her weakness but her strength; it is strength of attachment which man never can feel. It is perennial, dependant on no climate, no changes, nor soil, but alike in storms as in sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down the dark valley may weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him, and as the last departing knell falls on his ears, may say—"I will go down to the grave for my son in mourning," but he turns away; in the hurry of business, the tear is wiped, and though when he returns to his fireside, the sportive laugh comes up to his remembrance the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, and it finds no permanent seat. Not so with her who has borne and nursed the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreamy hours of night.—She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she "seeks in the morning," and she goes to the grave to weep there. Its little toys are carefully laid aside as mementos to keep continually alive that thrilling anguish which the dying struggle and sad look produced, and though grief, like a canker worm, may be gnawing at her vitals, yet she finds a luxury in her tears, and sweetness in her sorrow, which none but a mother ever tasted.

LOVE.—Love is heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness—making the thoughts, hair, eye, and hearts, ears—born of desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by dissembling, and buried by ingratitude. Love is a chameleon, which draws nothing in the mouth but air, and nourishes nothing in the body but the tongue. A man has choice to begin love but not to end it. Loveknots are tied with eyes and cannot be untied with hands—made fast with thoughts, not to be unloosed with fingers.

——Sunday Reading.——

From the New York Gospel of Light.

NESTORIANS OF PERSIA.

Extract from the Journal of Mr. Perkins at Oormiah.—Description of Matah.

Two days' journey from Tavoy a considerable number of Karens have been formed into a Christian village; the heads of every family being members of the church. These Christians now amount to about two hundred, and conduct themselves with exemplary rectitude. By the aid of the missionaries, they have obtained goats, bullocks, oil mills, seeds &c.; and with these, and still more by the increased industry they have been taught to practise, they have been enabled to cease their wanderings, and acquire very many comforts to which their countrymen are strangers. Cleanliness, in which Karnes is universally very deficient, has been attained in no small degree. The men have been exhorted to raise plenty of cotton, and the woman induced to apply themselves to spinning and weaving, as to furnish every one of their families with a change of raiment. They now wash their garments often, which before they scarcely ever did. The ground under their houses, which always used to be receptacles for filth and vermin, are all swept out clean every Saturday afternoon, and the rubbish burnt. On Sunday they come to public worship perfectly clean, and, as their costume covers the person entirely, the sight would please the most fastidious American eye.

But it is the spiritual change visible at Matah, which is most delightful. In this respect they present a most attractive spectacle. Punctual in all public services, they fill a large yazat on the Sabbath, and manifest a decorum and devotion far superior to any thing ordinarily seen in America. Being a musical people, and having a book of over a hundred hymns, composed by Mr. Mason, they almost without exception unite in the singing, and to my ear their psalmody was correct and sweet. After a prayer or a benediction, they all uttered an audible "*Amen*," remained silent on their knees for the space of half a minute, and retired in perfect silence.—Mrs. Wade has been in the habit of holding daily a prayer meeting with them at sunrise. Almost every morning before day light, many have gathered at the zayat and commenced singing hymns. As soon as Mrs. Wade is seen issuing from her door, they strike the gong, and presently the multitude come together. It is remarkable, that not one man or woman refuses to pray when called upon. On Sunday, a Sunday school is held in the morning, at which all the children of proper age attend; those who are not professors being formed into one company; and the others into another, superintended by the missionary and his wife alternately.—Public worship and preaching are held every morning and evening. The afternoon is often employed in baptising or administering the communion, and when this is not the case, prayer meetings are held at the house of the sick.—Some fifty or more of members of the church live at different distances in the country, as far round as five or six miles. These attend punctually, generally walking in on Sunday evening that they may lose no part of the blessed day.

It will of course be supposed that this people, so lately wild and wandering, without books, without even the forms of religion, and furnished as yet with no part of the word of God in their own tongue, but a single manuscript copy of the Gospel of Matthew, would be exceedingly ignorant of the claims of Christianity. They are indeed so. But it is most exhilarating to see the readiness and cordiality with which they enter into the performanance of every duty, as soon as it is made known to them. Time would fail to describe all the instances which illustrate this remark; but one or two may be named. Mr. W. had on one occasion read to them that chapter in Matthew which describing the judgement, speaks of Christ, (as represented in his discipline,) when sick or in prison, &c.—They at once saw how regardless they had been of persons under sickness and sorrow; and the very next day began to perform services to the sick, such as they had never thought of doing before. A poor widow, who had a leprous sort of disease, and a child about two years old, similarly afflicted, were visited by many of them the very next day. They performed many repulsive offices for her and her child, brought water, cleaned the house, gave them rice and other articles, and so enriched and comforted the poor creature, that she was bewildered with delight. These attentions to her have continued constantly.—Another who was bed-ridden with loathsome sores was attended in the same way. Since that time no one is suffered to want any thing which the rest enjoy. These kindnesses are done with studied concealment, and can be learned only from the beneficiaries themselves.

A USEFUL LESSON.

On the subject of the disciples sailing off without Christ, and the storm that overtook them, it may be necessary to make a few observations, chiefly for the encouragement of the laborers in God's vineyard. It was the duty of the disciples to depart at the command of the Lord, though the storm was great, and the wind contrary. It was their duty to tug at the oar, expecting the appearing of their Lord and master. So it is the duty of the ministers of Christ to embark, and sail even into the sea of prosecution and temptation, in order to save souls. There may be darkness for a time—they must *row*. The waves may rise high—they must *row on*. The wind may be contrary—*still* they must *tug* at the oar. Jesus will appear to lay the storm, and calm the sea, and they shall have souls for their hire. The vessel will get to land, and *speedily* too. There are particular times in which the Lord pours out his spirit, and multitudes are *quickly* convinced and converted. "Alas!" says one, "I see no fruit of my labor; no return of my prayers and tears." Take *courage*, man; *tug on*; thou shalt not labor in vain, nor spend thy strength for nought. What he does, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. Great grace and great peace await thee, take courage, and *tug on!*—*Dr. Clark.*

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE.

Running up the course of last fall, Saw-wa-quet, the chief of the Pottawattamies, while out on a hunting excursion, visited a village of the Tuscarora, near Fort Wayne, in Indiana. He was received with all possible kindness by one of the warriors and two or three Squaws who were all that remained in the village. Food was set before the Pottawattamie Chief, and when he had eat to satiety, the fire water (the whiskey) circulated between the two parties pretty freely, until both became intoxicated. Thereupon, and both becoming intoxicated. Thereupon, and in consequence of obfuscating the intellects of a stranger, the red men have borrowed from their civilized and Christianized neighbors, and a deep laid policy, for if the stranger gets half drunk he can more of his friend's virtues, as he sees double—and if he becomes quite drunk, he can borrow himself to his hearers.

Saw-wa-quet became inflamed by his repeated potations. He danced the war-dance, and sang his war song, recounting his exploits in the chase and in battle—the great Chief was Saw-wa-quet, according to his own shewing.

The Tuscarora was not backward in this game of brag; he counted his own achievements, unabashed by among the Indians, as with the whites, every man is allowed to be his own trumpeter, and to carry the brass in the face instead of the hand, as of old.

The Tuscarora perhaps mingled a few taunts in it's make up, for the Pottawattamie became decidedly infuriated, and seizing a club which lay close at hand, he felled his entertainer to the ground, and repeated the blows until the Tuscary squaw interfered, when, his fury taking a new direction, he took her up in his arms and threw her in the midst of a blazing fire, which had been kept up as the night was cool; she, like a howling demon, he took to the forest and was seen no more.

The Tuscary was much hurt by the blows, and the squaw lay ill several weeks in consequence of a severe burn.

When the Pottawattamies began to assemble at their village on the Prairie, a few days after, a family of the Tuscarys was seen among them mourning for Saw-wa-quet, the Chief. He had not yet arrived, but lay sick on the trail, somewhere in the neighborhood of Fort Wayne.

The Tuscary warrior waited patiently the coming of the Chief for several days, without once saluting the village with the war whoop, for the arrival of a new party who brought whiskey, he became intoxicated, and losing the natural caution of his race, he explained his errand.

"Saw-wa-quet," said he, "came to the village of the Tuscarys, when the leaves were falling from the trees—he was hungry and we gave him food—his spirit was heavy, and we gave him the fire-water to make his heart glad. In return for kindness he—our guest, gave the Tuscary harm, and threw his squaw into the blazing fire; but the Tuscary had buried his anger—he had brought the chief a present and they would dance the war-dance for him."

Monass, the brother of the Chief, was present. He perceived that mischief was meditated against Saw-wa-quet, and with a noble spirit of a forted himself, a self devoted victim, to the Tuscary's revenge. He knew that in an Indian's revenge was implacable to every thing except a human sacrifice, and, being the friend of Saw-wa-quet, or some one of his near relatives, must atone for the great wrong which the Tuscary had inflicted.

The death of the chief at this time, would fall heavy on the nation encompassed as it was, by dangers and difficulties. The whites had destroyed their wigwams, practiced their arts and in defiance of the most solemn treaties, had seized upon their most pleasing grounds.

The nation would soon be compelled to leave the land of their fathers and journey towards the setting sun, and an influential, and skilful chief was now, more than ever needed.

Monass approached the Tuscary. "I am," said he, "Monass, the brother of the Chief—the friends of Saw-wa-quet are the friends of Monass, I will receive the present for the chief and drink with the Tuscary warrior."

"It is well," said the Tuscary and went to his camp-ground for the present. In a few minutes he returned with his squaw who carried two small kegs of powder. "These," said he "are for Saw-wa-quet the chief, now will drink and be friends." He then poured some whiskey from a keg and handed it to Monass.

"If Monass drinks—he will die" said the red warrior. "The Tuscary speaks with a crooked tongue."

Monass heeded not the friendly admonition. He raised the cup to his lips, and by its color and smell perceived that it contained some admixture.

"The fire-water is not good!" said he, fixing a stoni piercing gaze upon the face of the Tuscary.

"Will not the brother of Saw-wa-quet the chief drink the fire-water of the Tuscarys in friendship" asked the latter in a tone of great surprise.

"If Monass is a man, let him drink, or the Tuscary will show the warrior that the fire-water of the Tuscary is good," said the Indian woman in a taunting tone.

"Monass is the brother of Saw-wa-quet the chief—the friends of Saw-wa-quet, are the friends of Monass. The Tuscary is treacherous."

"Monass is a brave warrior—he square can shoot a Pottawattamy warrior in the eye" he said Monass, and drained the cup to the dregs.

A gleam of satisfaction lighted the cruel features of the Tuscary warrior, and a fiendlike laugh of mingled scorn and joy burst from the mouth, as Monass received the empty cup.

The liquor had been poisoned, and the Tuscary woman detailed the horrible particulars of the process by which it was effected—how the lead formed in the refined forest for the deadly yellow rattle snake, and having killed one of large size, she baked the head and reduced it to a very palpable powder, which was infused into the liquor —it is sure and speedy death.

Monass knew that death had fixed his seal upon him—his blood rushed like fire liquid through his veins—his sight grew dim; and a confused sound rung in his ears. He proceeded to tie up some of his effects, for he had not ridden many years, and as he drew nigh his heart grew sad, for who would be so near kindred to the old chief's necessities—Saw-wa-quet was often silent, and was always reserved even to his own affairs, though a brave and prudent chief.

The old chief observed the altered appearance—the blood, protruded eyeballs, and the livid features of Monass, and inquired the cause—it was briefly explained. He sat in gloomy silence but he bade him bring some water from the push of a fountain who was near at hand as the dying young warrior kneeled, at the direction of his friend, on his bed-side, he begged of him in the christian form and faith, commending him to the goodness of the Great Spirit, and gazed in silence on his face until his spirit fled.—*Friendship.*

LONDON POLICE.

Yesterday *Caroline Mansell*, a smartly dressed young woman, was brought before Mr. Hall by Mackenzie, a police constable, who stated that on the preceding night he observed prisoner in Castle street, Leicester square, under the influence of intoxication, and disgusting to an extreme and disorderly manner. He cautioned her to move on, and even assisted her along, but she became so violent that he was compelled to take her in charge. She then made a violent assault upon him, and in the struggle they both fell, when he received a severe injury to his ankle, for the effects of which he was then under medical treatment, and seeing a club which lay close at hand, he was about to secure it on the ground, and repeated the blows until the Tuesay squaw interfered, when, his fury taking a new direction, he took her up in his arms and threw her in the midst of a blazing fire, which had been kept up as the night was cool; she, like a howling demon, he took to the forest and was seen no more.

The Tuesay was much hurt by the blows, and the squaw lay ill several weeks in consequence of a severe burn.

When the Pottawattamies began to assemble at their village on the Prairie, a few days after, a family of the Tuesays was seen among them mourning for Saw-wa-quet, the Chief. He had not yet arrived, but lay sick on the trail, somewhere in the neighborhood of Fort Wayne.

The Tuesary warrior waited patiently the coming of the Chief for several days, without once saluting the village with the war whoop, for the arrival of a new party who brought whiskey, he became intoxicated, and losing the natural caution of his race, he explained his errand.

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A VALEDICTORY TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ *The exigencies of the times and the demolition of the currency in the Southern, South Western, and some of the Western States, compel us reluctantly to reform the system of credits and indulgencies we have suffered to grow for some time past in our distant subscriptions.*

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, or at furthest during the year. A very large proportion of debts due us, amounting to many thousand dollars, would cost more in collecting in the usual way than would be realised.

We shall try the "experiment," by discontinuing at the expiration of the current six months all subscriptions not paid in advance, in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia, and shall follow it up by pruning our patronage in Carolinas, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, &c.

Our patrons ought not, and we hope will not, blame us for endeavouring to throw off, what (at present at least) proves a grievous burden—a large portion of our patrons seem to think newspapers not worth paying for, and those who are disposed to remember us, cannot furnish us with a circulating medium which will answer our purpose.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, July 8, 1837.

Mr. J. R. Weldin, 37 Market street, PITTSBURG, is agent for the Saturday Evening Post, &c.

Joseph B. Kinkead is appointed agent at VERSAILLES, Ky. in place of R. T. Williamson, resigned—subscribers at those places will please settle their accounts with them.

The heavy showers we have had during the past week have proved any thing but agreeable to the farmers in the vicinity of this city.

AURORA BOREALIS.

A beautiful display of this phenomenon was visible in this city, on Saturday evening last, between the hours of ten and twelve. A vivid and changing red light in the north west was the first manifestation of its appearance, which gradually extended itself to the east and south, when it became traversed with arches of a paler hue, that centred in the zenith. These were crossed nearly at right angles, by what presented the appearance of *waves of electric light*, that rolled upwards from the extreme verge of the horizon. At one period of this magnificent display, the entire space of the firmament was coloured with these ribbed pillars of fire, plainly visible through the waving streamers that crossed them. Until early in the morning the sky presented the appearance of a clouded moonlight.

From the relative position of the clouds, we should infer that this display was at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the surface of the earth. Our observations were made at some miles distance from the city.

The Ship of the Line, Pennsylvania, will be launched on the 18th inst. and the spectacle will attract hither an immense number of visitors from the neighboring states. We allude to the subject, not for the sake of expatiating on the grandeur and sublimity of "the launch," but with a more practical intent. It is said that the vessel is to be sent to Norfolk for the purpose of being coppered and fitted out—thereby depriving the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, and more particularly the citizens of the district of Southwark, of the patriotic gratification which they have a right to demand, in completing the work which has progressed so admirably under their superintendance. What reasons may be alleged for sending the unfinished ship to Norfolk, we are ignorant of; but certainly there are none which render it a work of necessity. A public meeting will be held this evening at the Independence Square, for the purpose of taking the subject into consideration. The chair will be taken at 6 o'clock.

A pamphlet on "Banking and Monied Corporations," has been published by Mr. Gouge, formerly editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, and now employed in a situation connected with the Treasury Department at Washington. Although we are not disposed to question the sincerity of the author's belief in the opinions he has advanced, yet we may be permitted to observe that some of them will astonish even those who participate in his peculiar sentiments, although not prepared to carry them to such an unwarrantable extent. What for instance will the reader think of this remark. "The act by which two men are banded together, and an artificial power given them, is calculated to destroy the equilibrium of the social compact."

The object of Mr. Gouge in this publication apart from the dissemination of his exposure of the evils of Banking, is to demonstrate the practicability of collecting the revenue of the United States, by the institution of sub-Treasuries in the different States. By this means all connexion between the Government and Banks will be annulled. It is acknowledged that the people will thus lose the advantage of loans made on this security, but the objection is easily got over, by the sweeping declaration "that the customers of banks are not *the people*, but mere speculators and stock-jobbers."

We are not prepared to enter into an examination of the merits or demerits of this scheme, at the present time, as we regard this publication as a semi-official annunciation of the course that will be advocated by the partizans of the Government, at the next session of Congress.—Abler heads than ours will then determine how far the theoretical schemes of a believer in the "visionary humbug," should take precedence over the practical remedy called for on every side—the establishment of a NATIONAL BANK.

We decline being considered as reviewing Mr. Gouge's work. The false positions and glaring absurdities it contains, are so numerous that our confined limits would not serve to enclose even their enumeration. Some of the errors are apparent, without refutation—others are invested with much plausibility, and well calculated to deceive those, whose reflection do not carry them beneath the surface of things.

"Kingdoms will be shaken, and thrones toppled over before this commercial calamity has passed." Let them go—the citizens of the United States can spare them, the throne at Washington included. For the sake of seeing the grasping usurpation of the executive checked—they would almost submit to a trial of Mr. Gouge's theoretical "experiment."

We ought not, in justice, to conclude this notice, without remarking that the author of this essay has attained a high and deserved reputation for talent, among all parties, and however erroneous may be the opinions he has advanced, they are supported and defended with an ingenuity, which will make many converts.

Indians.—The following is the number of Indians in Upper Canada—Delawares 200, Chippewayans 260, Mohawks on Grand River 200, River Credit 220, Lake Simcol 500, Rice Lake [illegible], Grape island 130, Mohawks elsewhere 250, [illegible]gston Indians 100, number supposed to be in the Western part of the Providence 250. Total [illegible]0. On an average each family is composed of four individuals.

Question.—The paper currency, men allege that the revenue of the Government which has been placed in the hands of the deposite banks will all be lost in consequence of the suspension of specie payments. As the bank of the United States has also suspended, how could the revenue have been more safe in its hands.—*Sentinel.*

Answer.—If the deposits had been continued in the Bank of the United States, the Bank failures would not have taken place. The effect of the "experiment" was clearly predicted by many, at the time it was made. "Hurrah for Jackson!"—*S. E. Post.*

THE ANNIVERSARY.

The 4th inst. fortunately for the expectations of many of our citizens, was one of the finest days that the season has produced. At an early hour in the morning the streets were thronged with passengers proceeding to the numerous steamboats engaged for pleasure excursions, and the wharfs and river at sunrise presented an unusual aspect of gaiety and animation. Somewhat later in the day, the city was enlivened by processions of the numerous boat clubs, whose general neat and appropriate appearance elicited universal commendation. Several companies of volunteers, without arms or uniform, also paraded through the streets. Towards midday the city presented an almost silent and deserted appearance.

A public dinner was given by the opposition party, about three miles from the city, on the 2d street road. Although not altogether approving of the principle of party festivals, on a day in the celebration of which all parties unite, we could not resist the temptation of visiting this unusual display. Truly our labor was rewarded by the spectacle presented. The table was spread in a beautiful grove, by the road side, and its vicinity was thronged by a large and expectant multitude. Several political speeches were delivered in excellent style, if we may judge from the rounds of applause they elicited. A band of music and a brilliant display of rockets were added to the entertainments of the evening.

Strolling about a mile further on this road, we came upon an assembly of a very different description. It was a religious meeting held in the woods—and the strange contrast its stillness presented to the bustle and noise of the political festival, seemed like a tacit and strong reproof upon the latter.

Towards evening the streets of the city were again diversified with the returning cavalcades from the numerous scenes of rural and aquatic amusement, to participate in the "brilliant and varied" entertainments offered at the Theatres. So concludes the chronicle of about one hundreth part of the diversified proceedings of our citizens on the Fourth of July.

FOREIGN.

The ship Parthenon, from Liverpool, arrived at Boston on the 2d inst. brings London papers to the 27th May, 2 days later than our last arrivals. The papers, however, contain scarcely any thing of interest to an American reader.—They are principally taken up in describing the celebrations, fetes, and illuminations of the 24th, on the occasion of the Princess Victoria's birth day, and her reaching her 18th year, which is her majority. As she is heiress presumptive of the British throne and realm, the ministers are making arrangements for allowing her an outfit and establishment suited to her exalted destination, now that she has become of age. It is supposed that the subject will immediately be brought before Parliament.

The bill for the abolition of the church rates was read a second time on the 25th, and carried by a majority of *five* only, which was considered so small a majority for the ministerial measure, as to amount to an indication that the present administration was near its end; it had even been currently reported, that Lord Melbourne had tendered his resignation, but this was afterwards contradicted.

The latest Paris papers are almost entirely taken up with accounts of the preparations for the approaching nuptials of the Duke of Orleans.

The Portuguese Ministers had all resigned.

The Queen's Generals had obtained a series of successes in the North of Spain.

The notice of the money market in the London Times of the 26th offers nothing interesting. No business doing. There was an abundance of money at the Stock Exchange, and the usual difficulty in producing the right securities for it. They had not heard of the suspension of specie payments by the American banks. The letters from Liverpool spoke rather more favorably of the state of business there; but they observe, that without some improvement in the price of Cotton the large holders would experience considerable difficulty in meeting their obligations.

The latest letters from the manufacturing districts were on the whole more satisfactory.

The Liverpool Chronicle says:—"It is a curious fact that East India Cotton has been sold in Liverpool during the last week for exportation to Canton. At the present prices it costs less to send it from England to China, than from India!"

THE NORTH EAST BOUNDARY.

The Governor of Maine has issued a proclamation, stating his intention to apply to the General Government for redress of the wrongs sustained by the State from the British authorities in Canada, and calling on the inhabitants to hold themselves prepared for carrying into effect such measures as may be directed. All of which looks exceeding warlike.

Snarleyyow, or the Dog Fiend—By Captain Maryatt.—This work has been lying on our table for two weeks past, and we have not yet found time to give it a perusal. It is for sale by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, where it may be procured by those of our readers who are indisposed to await our criticism upon it. We shall endeavour to give it a more particular notice next week.

THEATRICALS.

Arch Street Theatre.—Celeste has been engaged, during the present week. This is taking *steps* towards the restoration of the *leg*-itimate drama—a wretched pun, and therefore deserving of record.

The Maid of Cashmere was performed on Wednesday evening. A respectable audience was in attendance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Owing to the latter cause, we presume, the action of the *ballet* was rather spiritless throughout. The same remark may apply to the singing, with the exception of an *aria* in the second act by Pierson, which was given with good effect. The ballet was repeated on the succeeding evening to a large audience.

The performances of this week conclude the season at this theatre.

Walnut Street Theatre.—The "Vision of the Sun" continues to draw large and admiring audiences nightly at this theatre. We shall not attempt a description of the piece, for by those who have seen it, it would probably be deemed to fall far short of its real merits. A spectacle like this must be seen to be fully appreciated.—Suffice it to say that it is superior to any thing that has yet been produced in that line, in the United States. Beyond this measure of commendation we cannot safely go.

Conner, Proctor, and Miss Angelica, are the principal performers in this piece. The last named is a *danseuse*, who has acquired great popularity with the audience. Her style is lively and graceful, and adds much to the interest of the piece.

The Wheeling Gazette of Friday says:—"The river trade seems a little brisker since our last, and the wharves present quite a business aspect for the first time during the last month. We counted ten boats at our wharves at one time on Wednesday last, all loading or unloading freight, and three or four freighted down to the water's edge. The stage of water is good."

LIST OF DIVIDENDS DECLARED.

Bank of the United States, 4 per cent.	
Bank of Pennsylvania, 4 per cent.	
Philada. Exchange Co. (yearly,) 5 per cent.	
Fire Insurance Co. of the county of Phila.	3
Southwark Fire Insurance Company,	3
Southern Loan Company,	4
S. P. Bridge Company, 50 cents per share.	
Philadelphia Savings Institution,	5
Union Insurance Company,	5
Philadelphia Fire and Inland Navigation Insurance Company,	4
American Insurance Company,	5
Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company,	4½
Pennsylvania Co. for Insurance on Lives,	4
Cumberland (N. J.) Bank,	3
Trenton (N. J.) Bank, 1.25 per share.	
New Castle and Frenchtown Turnpike and Rail Road Company,	6
Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine,	4

Proceedings of the Convention to amend the Constitution.

Harrisburg, July 3.

Mr. Overfield offered a resolution this morning to adjourn on the 14th of July to meet again on the 16th of October next. After this resolution was debated at considerable length, an amendment was submitted to strike out the 16th of October and insert 24th of July. A motion was then made to postpone the subject until the sixth article was disposed of. The previous question was then called and was lost. The motion to postpone, and to strike out the 16th of October, were then negatived. Mr. Earle then moved to add a proviso, that before the adjournment should take place the Convention should act upon the tenure of Judges: Justices of the Peace, should first be settled. After some discussion this amendment was withdrawn. Mr. Donnel then moved to amend the resolution by adding the following at the end:—

Provided that all the articles of the constitution have been passed through the committee of the whole. This amendment was lost, Ayes 43, Noes 55. Mr. Konimacher then moved to amend the resolution by striking out "this place" and inserting "the city of Lancaster."

Mr. Doran moved to postpone the resolution, together with the resolution independently which was lost.

The motion of Mr. Konimacher was then negatived.

Mr. Heister then moved to strike out "this place" and insert Philadelphia, which motion was negatived, Ayes 43, Noes 56, absent 34.

Mr. Bayne moved to strike out "this place" and insert "Pittsburgh," which motion was lost without division.

Mr. Riter moved to strike out "this place" and insert "Germantown" which motion was lost without division.

Mr. Stevens then moved to add a proviso, leaving it to a vote of the people at the next October election whether the Convention should re-assemble, and also submitting to a vote of the people the amendments which have been passed in committee of the whole.

Mr. Sterigere moved to postpone the amendment together with the resolution until Saturday next, which motion was negatived.

Mr. Heister then called the previous question, which being sustained, the vote on the resolution of Mr. Overfield to adjourn on the 14th inst, to meet again on the 16th of October at this place was negatived by the following vote, Ayes 44, Noes 56, absent 33.

The committee then rose at half past two o'clock to meet again at 4 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Bayne offered a resolution to adjourn over the 4th, in honor of the event of the passage of the Declaration of Independence through the Revolutionary Congress, which motion was negatived!!!

The Convention then went into committee of the whole on the sixth article of the constitution.

The following is one of the strongest illustrations we have seen of the evil consequences of wearing arms in society:

Fatal Rencontre.—For some time a slight misunderstanding had existed between Mr. Henry W. Anderson, of Bolivar, and Mr. Richard H. Jones, merchant of this place. Near the close of last week, Mr. Anderson came to Brownsville, and according to custom placed his name on the Hotel Register. Shortly afterwards he discovered a remark immediately under his name, impugning his character, and bearing the signatures of R. H. Jones. He then wrote a reply, attaching his proper signature.—On Monday morning last, at an early hour, Mr. Jones called at the hotel, and seeing the appended remark became much enraged and declared that he would have satisfaction. He walked across the square to the door of a store, into which Mr. Anderson had just entered, and called to him to come out. He complied, when Mr. Jones demanded of him whether he had written the remark alluded to above or not.

Mr. Anderson answered in the affirmative, at which moment each resorted to a pistol, standing about four feet apart; in an instant they fired simultaneously, making but one report. Mr. Jones' ball lodged in the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and the contents of Mr. Anderson's pistol (three balls) lodged in Mr. Jones' breast above the right nipple. He expired in two or three hours leaving a wife and two or three children.

Mr. Anderson submitted immediately to the civil authority, and was discharged. Upon examination it was found that "it was entirely a misunderstanding, and that if the parties had only conversed together on the subject no difference would have ensued." Thus have we lost a highly respectable citizen, and poignant regret has been driven to the heart of another, while a tender wife and infant babe have witnessed the flowing blood and dying groans of him who was to them most dear on earth.

We commend the following facts, extracted from the New York *Mechanics Magazine*, to serious consideration. The Magazine is not a political paper, but devoted wholly to the advancement of that branch of industry which it advocates:

FACTS *for consideration*, and they should cause serious reflection.

Eight years ago we had a United States Bank of $35,000,000 capital, *Twenty million of specie* in the country, and a currency equal to any in the world.

The United States Bank has been vetoed, the deposites removed into "pet banks," and now, with *eighty millions of specie* in the country, we have either no currency at all, or *one of the very worst in the world!*

Eight years ago a man could travel through the United States and Canada with bills of the United States Bank, and without having to pay one per cent discount.

Now, the pet and other bank bills are from five to ten per cent. discount, even in the States to which they belong.

Eight years ago, with twenty milion of specie in the country, they were at par, and all the banks paid for their notes in specie. Now, none of the banks pay it, and *one hundred and ten dollars* of the best bank paper must be given for one hundred dollars in specie.

Eight years ago we had specie for change; now we have thousands of tickets called "*shin plasters*," or no change at all.

Eight years ago, business, commerce and trade all went on smoothly and prosperously. Now, business is broken up, trade destroyed, and bankruptcy, distress, and poverty staring people in the face.

Eight years ago, the expenses of Government were thirteen millions of dollars. Now, they they are over thirty-two millions of dollars.

PRACTICE OF LYNCH LAW.

Lynch Law appears to have become a common practice in New York, not by mobs with noise, but by individuals in a quiet manner. A few days ago we related a case, where a man ran into a Broker's office, in Wall street, at noon day, and violently seized a bag of doubloons to the amount of over three thousand dollars: his reason for the outrage was, that the person who owned the gold owed him money, and he resorted to this summary process to collect his debt. Strange to relate, the City Police would allow no redress, although applied to, for the purpose. The success and impunity of this transaction probably encouraged the actors in the two following cases, which occurred last Wednesday in New York, and are reported in the Journal of Commerce:

LAW COURTS AND POLICE OFFICE, June 28.

Summary way of solving Difficulties.—In May last Mr. Boyle, late of the firm of Boyle and Humphries, in Broadway, made an assignment of his stock to a Mrs. Munn, but some of his creditors disputed the validity of the assignment, and certain lawyers who were consulted on the subject, differed altogether as to its legality.—Among the lawyers engaged in the case was C. M. Stebbins, agent for Mrs. Munns, and in order to decide the knotty question, about three o'clock yesterday morning, he procured the assistance of a watchman named Benjamin Le Roy, and proceeded to the store of Mr. Boyle in Broadway, and broke it open, and carried off about $18,000 worth of goods. In the course of the day the lawyer and watchman were both arrested on a writ from the Superior Court, and held to bail in the sum of $10,000, at the suit of Mr. Boyle, who has commenced an action against them.

Attempt to Frighten a Man into Payment.—An attempt of this kind was made yesterday in Wall street by a Mr.—— a painter who resides in the upper part of the city and who has for some time been owed a debt by Mr. D—— the broker. After sending sundry times for his money, without being paid, the painter determined to try if he could not frighten his debtor out of the debt, and having provided himself with a horsewhip and a pistol, which he put in his pocket, he yesterday marched down to Wall street and entered the Broker's office and told him that unless he paid his debt instanter, a severe flagellation was intended for him. The Broker asked for a little time, but the painter refused him point blank, and in order to show that he was in earnest, he raised his whip and was about to lay it on the Broker's back. At the instant however the pistol fell out of the painter's pocket, and the broker on seeing it, immediately conceived the idea that he was not only to be flogged but shot also, for not paying his debt, and immediately rushed out of his office, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the Police office, where he begged for protection against this new mode of enforcing payment, particularly in such bad times. The painter was accordingly arrested and held to bail.

A man named Joannin, has been condemned by the Paris Correctional tribunal, and fined thirty-six thousand francs for usury. Another 20,000 for the same offence.

FROM FLORIDA.

By the Steam Packet James Adams, Capt. King, arrived at Charleston, we have received the Savannah Republican of Monday evening, from which we copy the following.

The steamboat Florida, Captain Hebbard, arrived yesterday from Black Creek. Up to the day of her leaving (22d) nothing in addition to what we have already published in relation to the war, had taken place.

The insufficiency of the Government force, it is said, will, at this time, prevent any effective move being made until the fall, when they will be brought out to arrest the depredations of the Indians, who are but waiting for the whites to harvest their corn, when they will again renew them.

Really we feel for the people of Florida. This accounts for General Jesup's request to be removed from the campaign.—*Charleston Pat. June 27.*

ST. AUGUSTINE, June 52.

Our Indian Affairs.—We have but little to communicate in relation to our Indian affairs this week. Nothing has been heard from General Jesup, for several days.

Fort Mellon has been abandoned on account of the unhealthiness of the Post. Colonel Harney who commanded there has arrived here with his command of about 400 dragoons who are stationed at Fort Marion. Coa-coochy (Philip's son) was at Fort Mellon when Colonel Harney left it with about 20 Indians. They expressed the most pacific intentions if the whites did not molest them, and promised not to burn the Fort. They expressed a desire to visit Col. Harney in St. Augustine.

Later.—Report of the Murder of Micanopy.—More Indian Depredations.—Since the above was in type, an express has arrived bringing information from the interior of considerable importance. A letter from Fort King states that information had reached that post that the Seminoles, after obtaining possession of Micanopy had murdered him, and cut him to pieces. It is supposed that the cause for this act was his friendly disposition towards the whites, his continued aversion to the war, and his good faith in attempting to fulfil the late treaty. This act is taken as a decided evidence of their continued hostility, and that they will not now go off until they are entirely subdued, and their pride and arrogance humbled.

It is not precisely known how this information was received at Fort King, it is doubted by the officers of the army here; but if the negro tale be true, that he was deposed some time since, and Sam Jones elected in his stead, it would doubtless be the object of Sam Jones to get rid of him to save trouble. Charley O'Mathla was served the same fate for his friendly feeling towards us.

The garrison at Fort King are represented to be very healthy. Out of six companies there were but seven men on the sick report at the last advices.

The troops at Micanopy are also in good health.

Indian fires have been seen opposite to Picolata on the St. John's river. Gen. Jesup is expected here in a few days and will probably establish his head quarters here.

A portion of the Creek regiment are to be stationed at Picolata for the present. We understand that they will be ordered to Micanopy and Fort King.

The remainder will be stationed at or near Tampa Bay, until their term of service expire which will be shortly, when they will be discharged. They are tired of the war and have been anxious to be discharged since February last. None have been discharged since they volunteered, except the sick, who have been sent to Mobile Point.

Two companies of Dragoons have been ordered to take post at Picolata. They will sail to-day in the steamboat Camden.

We have heard it stated that ground has been planted in Alachia and Columbia counties the past season, sufficient to yield 100,000 bushels of corn, but the "sowers will not be the reapers," and they who planted will not be permitted to harvest. This will all be abandoned to the enemy, together with much cattle and horses. About 10,000 head of cattle are now on the big prairie to Alachua and lately about 300 head of horses condemned by the United States and sold have been turned loose there to recruit. It is hard thus to be compelled to abandon our homes, our all, our living.

Texas.—Advices to the 17th inst. have been received at New Orleans from Galveston Bay. On the evening of that day the Congress of Texas adjourned after a protracted session. The New Orleans Bee derives the following information from a passenger:

The town of Nashville had been taken and sacked by the Camanche Indians, who massacred the few inhabitants that remained. They can, it is said, bring fifteen thousand well armed warriors in the field—and their bravery and prowess have always put the Mexicans even in the zenith of their power in fear and trembling.

The number now engaged in devastating the frontiers of Texas is about 5000, led on, it is said, by *painted* white men, who, being dissatisfied with the government, have joined them and lead them on to deeds of rapine and carnage.

Several families were murdered fifteen miles from Washington, and such the apathy of the people in that town no steps were taken, to arrest their bloodthirsty course.

President Houston has granted furloughs to nearly all the efficient men composing the army of the Republic, until about the middle of September, and in case of not returning at the time specified, are to forfeit all their lands, and other privileges and emoluments.

As might be expected, the disbanding of the army has given much dissatisfaction to the people, who from its absence are exposed to the incursions of the Indians and Mexicans. The army also appears to be dissatisfied with President Houston—their wish was to attack, and if possible, take Matamoras, but President H. would not accede to their demand.

Mexico.—The New Orleans correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, in a letter dated June 20th says:

Some of the Mexican officers who were prisoners in Texas, have landed at Metamoras from New Orleans. They report that the Texans have released all the Mexican prisoners; this being the case, Mr. Wharton will probably be released also.

Twenty per cent. premium is asked for specie this morning by the shavers, consequently there is no fear that it will leave New Orleans for the present.

The schooner Cora left at Matamoras, schooner Caramache, waiting cargo; brig Henry, hence, seized for having an extra quantity of stores on board. The custom house officers are very rigid, especially towards American vessels.

P. S.—The Bee erroneously announces this morning, that the insurgent, General Montezuma, was in possession of San Luis Potosi, and that he will probably approach Matamoras, where he would be hailed as a deliverer. From the Mercurio de Matamoras, which I have just received, I find that the government troops, under General Andrade, were in possession of San Luis—and that Montezuma was, in the latter end of May, about Tuxpan, 600 miles from Matamoras.

The Pensacola Gazette states that the Mexican brig of war Gen. Urrea sailed from that port on the 10th ult. in company with the Vandalia. Orders had been received there, by the commander of the squadron, to pay all her expenses, and to place her in the same situation as that in which she was when the capture was made. Lieut. Moore, U. S. Navy, went out in the *Gen. Urrea*, but no other person from the squadron was on board of her. It is added that the commander of the *Gen. Urrea* declined hoisting the flag of Mexico until he could communicate with his government. The brig, therefore, presents the singular anomaly of a vessel of war, sailing upon the high seas, without any distinctive mark or characteristic to show that she belongs to any nation. From what we can gather from the course of our government in relation to the capture of the *Gen. Urrea*, it would seem that the act itself is to be disavowed by the Government, but no positive censure is to fall on Capt. Mervine.

MOBILE, June 27.

Our correspondent at the seat of Government writes to this effect, giving the bases of the report of the joint committee of both Houses.

"The State to issue Five Millions of Bonds, to be distributed among the several Banks, in proportion to their capitals. The Banks are required to issue two and a half millions (in addition to the limits of their charters) of their ordinary circulation—to put in circulation two and a half millions of Post Notes bearing four per cent interest—not to run longer than 12 months. The Banks are required to put two and a half millions of the Bonds in market immediately to provide a fund for the redemption of the post-notes and the creation of an exchange fund in New York, but if at the expiration of six months they cannot be sold, individuals are allowed to purchase with the bills of the bank two and a half millions of these Bonds, retaining the other two and a half as the basis of their issues. It is contemplated that the Bonds, bearing six per cent interest, will find a ready sale. The suspension of specie payments is legalized, and three years indulgence required to be extended to all creditors, both the private stock as well as State Banks. The debts are divided into three instalments; one of which is to be paid every year. The whole of the Bonds may be put in market at the discretion of the Banks. Another bill provides for the annual increase of their specie fund. These bills will probably pass as reported; but the Post Notes may be stricken out as there is great prejudice against them in both houses. In that event the ordinary bills will be issued in their stead.

From the National Intelligencer.

PAY OF THE NAVY.

The following table of the pay of officers of the Navy, compiled for this paper, may, it is supposed, be useful and acceptable to a number of our readers:

A TABLE

Of the pay of the Officers of the Navy, according to an act of Congress, entitled "An act to regulate the pay of the Navy of the United States," approved March 3, 1835.

RANKS.	PER YEAR.
Senior Captain, in service,	$4,500
on leave,	3,500
Captains, of squadrons,	4,000
on other duty,	3,500
Master Commandants, in sea service,	2,500
at Navy Yards, or on other duty,	2,100
on leave,	1,800
Lieutenants, commanding,	1,800
on other duty,	1,500
waiting orders,	1,200
Assistant Surgeons, waiting orders,	650
at sea,	950
after passing, &c.	850
at sea, after passing,	1,200
at Navy Yards, &c.	950
after passing, at Navy Yards, &c.	1,150
Surgeons, first 5 years, after date of commission,	1,000
at Navy Yards,	1,250
in sea service,	1,333½
of the fleet,	1,500
second 5 years,	1,200
at Navy Yards,	1,500
in sea service,	1,600
of the fleet,	1,800
third 5 years,	1,400
at Navy Yards,	1,750
in sea service,	1,866⅔
of the fleet,	2,100
fourth 5 years,	1,600
at Navy Yards,	2,000
in sea service,	2,133⅓
of the fleet,	2,400
20 years and upwards,	1,800
at Navy Yards,	2,250
in sea service,	2,400
of the fleet,	2,700
Chaplains, in sea service,	1,200
on leave,	800
Professor of Mathematics, in sea service or at the yard,	1,200
Secretaries to commanders of squadrons, commanding-in-chief,	1,000
Secretaries to commanders of squadrons not commanding-in-chief,	900
Sailingmasters, of a ship of the line at sea,	1,100
on other duty,	1,000
on leave, &c.	750
Second Masters, in sea service,	750
on other duty,	500
on leave, &c.	400
Passed Midshipmen, on duty,	750
waiting orders,	600
Warranted Master's Mates, at sea or Navy Yards,	450
on leave, &c.	300
Midshipmen, in sea service,	400
on other duty,	350
on leave, &c.	300
Clerk of a Yard, or of a commandant of a Yard,	900
2d, to commandant of a yard,	750
to Commanders of squadrons, captains of fleets, and commanders of vessels,	500
Boatswains, Gunners, Sailmakers, and Carpenters, of a ship of the line,	750
of a frigate,	600
on other duty,	500
on leave, &c.	360

Note.—Hospital money at the rate of 20 cents per month to be deducted.

The real Vulgarity of America.—The manners of the wealthy classes depend, of course, upon the character of their objects and interests; but they are not, on the whole, so agreeable as those of their less opulent neighbors. The restless ostentation of such as live for grandeur and show is vulgar; as I have said, the only vulgarity to be seen in the country. Nothing can exceed the display of it at watering places. At Rockaway, on Long Island, I saw in one large room, while the company was waiting for dinner, a number of groups which would have made a good year's income for a clever caricaturist. If any lady with an eye and a pencil adequate to the occasion, would sketch the phenomenon of affectation that might be seen in one day in the piazza and drawing-room at Rockaway, she might be a useful censor of manners. But the task would be full of sorrow and shame for any one with the true republican spirit. For my own part I felt bewildered in such company. It was as if I had been set down on a kind of debatable land between the wholly imaginary society of the so called fashionable novels of late years, and the broad sketches of citizen life given by Madame D'Arblay. It was like nothing real. When I saw the young ladies trickled out in the most expensive finery flirting over the backgammon board, tripping affectedly across the room, languishing with a seventy-dollar cambric handkerchief, starting up in ecstacy at the entrance of a baby; the mother as busy with affectations of another kind, and the brother sideling hither and thither, now with assiduity and now with nonchalance; and no one imparting the refreshment of a natural countenance, movement or tone, I almost doubted whether I was awake. The village scenes that I had witnessed rose up in strong contrast—the mirthful wedding, the wagon-drives the offering of wild flowers to the stranger, the intermitting, simple courtesy of each to all; and it was scarcely credible that these contrasting scenes could be both existing in the same republic.—*Miss Martineau.*

PUGILISTIC COMBAT.

The Cincinnati Whig of the 27th ult. gives the particulars of a most disgraceful pugilistic contest which took place about seven miles from that city on the day previous. The parties were both foreigners, named Owens and M'Reynolds, and they fought for a purse of $1000. The following is a brief sketch of this disgraceful affair.

At about half past four o'clock, (as we understand, for we were not present, and on no account would have set so bad an example to society, as to have attended,) the parties, with their seconds, appeared at the place appointed, within a ring formed of ropes. The crowd of persons that surrounded the combatants, to witness the *melee*, is variously estimated at from one to two thousand—and we are pained and mortified to say, that a large portion of this crowd was composed of many of our most respectable citizens. How they could so far forget their self-respect, and the obligations they owed to society, religion and the laws, as to give countenance to a lawless, brutal and disgraceful proceeding, (as they certainly did by their attendance,) we leave them to settle with their own consciences.

The fight lasted about half an hour—the combatants had, what is called, *eleven rounds*—that is, one or the other was knocked down eleven times, each *knock down*, being a round. When one was knocked down there was a resting spell of a minute or two, when one of the seconds of each party, knelt upon one knee, and supported his friend (the principal) on the other. The combatants were stripped entirely naked, with the exception of their pantaloons. During each interval between the rounds, they were carefully rubbed by their attendants with sponges, and bathed with spirits, and otherwise refreshed.

When the fight was ended, both of the combatants were pounded almost to a jelly, and were so entirely exhausted as scarcely to be able to stand. The fight was closely contested, and the result extremely doubtful until the very last knock down. The Irishman was much the most hurt to all appearance—his face was mangled in a most shocking manner—one of his eyes was completely *banged* up; most of his front teeth were knocked out, and his lips and cheeks dreadfully cut. The Englishman's face was not much bruised, but most of the severe blows from his antagonist were received in the body, and it is supposed he is greatly injured internally. At length the fight was ended, by a blow which the Irishman gave the Englishman on the back of the neck, which knocked him over or across the rope, his head touching the ground on one side and his feet the other; he appeared to be entirely lifeless for some time, and could not stand afterwards. This successful blow was given, it is said, just at the moment when both parties were apparently reeling to fall—and it was a sort of back-handed stroke, said to have been unfair and contrary to the rules of *sportsmen*. It is also said that the Irishman struck the Englishman one other unfair blow, it being below the 'belt.'

In consequence of this alleged unfairness, we understand the money will not be given up, as having been won.

Melancholy Accident.—On Sunday last, about 12 o'clock, Thomas Luck, aged 14 years, son of Mr. Isaac Luck, his sister Ann, aged 12, Nancy McNelly, daughter of Mr. Felix McNelly, and Marshal, her brother, aged 6 years, were drowned in Maj. Hawley's mill-pond, in the south part of this town. These four children, it appears, had ventured from the shore on a small float, and were amusing themselves by sailing round the pond.—Isaac Luck, Jr. Mr. L's. eldest son, came to the pond after the others had pushed from the shore, placed a board across two logs, shoved off, and on coming up with the float, stepped upon it which caused it to sink immediately. All were thrown into the water, and the float rose to the surface at some distance from them. The struggle with three of these unfortunate children was soon over. An ineffectual attempt was made by the eldest to save his sister. He regained the float, but as often as he laid hold of it upon the side it would sink and slip from his grasp. In this attempt he became disengaged from his sister, and finally reached the shore, nearly exhausted, and with barely sufficient strength remaining to give the necessary alarm.—*Broome Republican.*

Oneida Bank Robber caught at last.—The British steamer, Traveller, which arrived at Rochester June 28th from Hamilton, Upper Canada, brought intelligence, which will be received at Utica with particular satisfaction. We learn from Captain Sutherland, of the Traveller, and from John Hamilton, Esq. of Canada, that a fellow named Harvey, has been arrested at Hamilton, charged with having perpetrated the robbery of the Oneida Bank. This Harvey has spent considerable time about Rochester and has driven a snug business by shaving notes and discounting Canada money. He then dabbled in lot speculations at Hamilton, and bought property to the amount of many thousands, (probably $60,000,) on which he was busily engaged with many hands, in making improvements, when arrested.

While in Rochester, he replied to some inquiry, that he was furnished with funds for speculation, from New York. He will soon be brought over. He is believed to have taken patterns of the keys, while the bank building was vacant, after the removal of the United Sates Branch, and before the Oneida Bank took possession. A considerable amount of money, answering the description of the lost bills, has been found upon him,—this, with the real estate, may not leave the bank minus many thousands out of the large sum lost—about $110,000, if remembrance serves us.

An Incident.—Mr. McF——, a young gentleman of our city, and Mr. G—— L——, of Cincinnati, had been college acquaintances. They met a short time since at one of our hotels, and were equally gratified at the event—old friendship was renewed—ancient follies descanted upon—and hair-breadth escapes from detection by the lynx-eyed professor, told over again and enjoyed 'as good as new.' A trifling circumstance at length occurred which marred their promised tranquility—angry feelings grew out of it—though, in the sequel, it proved to be a misunderstanding. We are forbidden to be more explicit on that point.

An insult was given and a challenge ensued—friends were selected—time and place appointed—and on Wednesday morning last, the parties repaired to the scene of contemplated hostility.—While one of the party was "pacing the distance," a large Newfoundland dog bounded into their midst, and leaped upon his master, young McF——, as if conscious of some impending calamity.—McF—— attached a handkerchief to the collar of the dog, and giving the other end into the hand of his friend, moved towards his opponent, who had already taken his position, but the dog was not to be restrained. 'Nero,' said McF——, quietly, "lie down a moment." Nero turned a look upon Mr. L——, and with a low growl refused, for the first time in his life, to obey. McF——, struck him over the head with the butt of the pistol, and the dog moved closer to his side. Another blow, and another yet more severe, had only the effect to bring the dog to his master's feet, where he gave sufficient tokens of his intentions to the friend of his master, in the event of his attempting to touch the handkerchief again.

"What shall I do," said McF——.

"Take your position," said his friend, "and let the dog stand by you."

This was attempted, but Nero was more restless than ever, jumping about before his master, pawing at his feet and legs, and growling at L——, till McF——turned sharply round and bid him be still. The dog stood quietly before him—McF—— took steady aim at the noble creature's forehead; his finger was on the trigger, and as he afterwards acknowledged, a tear was in his eye—another instant and Nero would have been the first victim.

"Don't kill the dog, *Mac*," said L——, quietly but quickly. Nero had been the constant companion of the foes in the days of their friendship. McF—— turned, and L. was already approaching him.

"Some other time," said L—— tursing abruptly under the impression that he had spoken too familiarly, for the dignity of the occasion.

"Why at all," was the christian remark of one of the seconds.

The eyes of the principals met, and the look of each was plainly, an echo of the last question. Another word and an explanation ensued. In five minutes the recent foes were better friends than ever, and Nero made the welkin ring with the boisterous expressions of his joy.

And thus honorably terminated an "affair of honor."—*Baltimore Transcript.*

"Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father in a ball room to his daughter.—"Because, papa, it hurts me when any one squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly none, but still you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order."

PENNSYLVANIA LYCEUM.

The second annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Lyceum, will be held at Lewistown, Mifflin county, commencing on Tuesday, the 8th of August next.

The members of the society, as specified in the Constitution, consist, 1st, Of Delegates from County, Township, and local Lyceums, and all kindred institutions in the state, each of which has a right to send five delegates. 2d. Of persons holding tickets of membership, and patrons of the society. These enjoy all the privileges of Delegates, except the right of voting on questions relating to the finance and general policy of the Lyceum.

It is further provided, by a resolution passed at the last meeting of the society, "That any County Lyceum, or other kindred institution in the sister states, connecting itself with us, and submitting to our rules and regulations, shall be entitled to all the privileges attendant upon a connexion with the Pennsylvania Lyceum; the same as if it belonged to this state."—The approaching meeting at Lewistown promises to be of unusual interest. A programme of the exercises is nearly completed, and will shortly be published.

It is hoped that every Lyceum in the state will be fully represented, and that a report of the operations, successes of each, together with such local information as may be of general utility, will be presented to the meeting. Should any Lyceum find it inexpedient to appoint delegates, their reports may be sent to the meeting, and be read by the secretary, or some other member in attendance.

The facilities which this opportunity offers, both to Lyceums and individuals, for increasing their cabinets of minerals and other natural productions, through the medium of exchange, ought not to be overlooked by the lovers of natural science. Many valuable collections were obtained in this way at the last annual meeting, and the interest which the exhibition of specimens diffused among all who beheld them, was truly surprising.

By order of the Board of Managers.

JNO. SIMMONS, Cor. Sec.

☞ All editors, friendly to the Lyceum system, are requested to give the above an early insertion in their papers.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

June 30, received from		J. Ayres, Esq.	3 00
Wm. Williams, Esq.	$2 00	B. J. Hughes,	5 00
Wm. D. Peter, Esq.	2 00	Wm. H. Dobb,	5 00
G. S. Hawe, Esq.	2 00	Jona. Cary, Esq.	3 00
J. V. Redden,	10 00	*July 5,*	
Francis King, Esq.	2 00	R. T. Williamson, Esq.	15 00
July 1,		John Way, Esq.	1 00
J. M. Saunderson,	23 50	John Laning, Esq.	2 00
Edw'd Douglass,	5 00	J. R. Weldin,	45 00
B. Culbertson, Esq.	5 00	W. T. Lenour,	5 00
Jas. W. Bredin, Esq.	4 00	Robt. Robinson,	5 00
July 3,		Chas. G. Durry, Esq.	5 00
Artemus Houghton,	2 00	John P. Brookins, Esq.	4 00
Ethan Alling, Esq.	1 00	Upson Bushnell, Esq.	2 00
Abner Hender, Esq.	2 00	Wm. Leviston, Esq.	10 00
James M. McArty,	5 00	*July 6,*	
Wm. S. Gilbert,		Jacob W. Bates, nett,	1 81
Chester Whitsley,	2 00	Alex. Donald, nett,	3 20
J. W. Williamson, Esq.	5 00		

PRICES OF STOCKS.

This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.

			price sold for.	par.
37	shares	United States Bank,	109	100
21	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	45	50
6	do.	Girard Bank,	45½	50
150	do.	N. Orleans Gas Bank,	15	30

Arch Street Theatre.

Benefit and last appearance of Madame Celeste in America. This evening, July 8th, will be presented for the last time in America, the beautiful legendary drama of the WEPT OF WISH TON WISH. After which, first and only time in Philadelphia, THE GRAND NATIONAL DANCES by Celeste, Miss Hancker, and the corps de ballet; in which Celeste will imitate the peculiarities of the various nations. To conclude with the nautical drama of THE WIZARD SKIFF;—Or the Tongueless Pirate Boy. The whole to conclude with a FAREWELL ADDRESS, by Celeste.

THE "BETTER CURRENCY."

SMALL NOTES, of 1¼—75 cts.—50 cts.—25 cts.—10 cts.—5 cts. or other denominations, handsomely printed, with Xylographic ornaments, and at the shortest notice, at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, 36 Carter's Alley. jy 1—tf

Wanted,

A THOROUGH Carriage Smith, of steady, sober habits, and regularly attentive to business, to whom steady employment and high wages will be given, by us, at our Carriage Manufactory, in the town of New Brighton, Beaver co. Pa. No one need apply except he comes well recommended for orderly conduct.

WILLIAM & HARVEY BLANCHARD,

mar 25—tf New Brighton.

HIDES, OIL AND LEATHER.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, on terms equal to any in the city, a general assortment of Hides, Oil and Leather, in rough and finished, in all its variety.

Band and Sole Leather, always of extra good quality at No. 27 Chesnut street, next door to Bank of North America. WILLIAM W. ABBOTT.

N. B.—A general assortment of Morocco Skins on hand. ap 15—3m

Baker's Intelligence Office,

Established in May, 1811—the S. E. corner of Chesnut and (entrance in) Third street—up stairs.

PROCURES Houses and Farms, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Overseers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Farmers, Gardeners, Coachmen, Waiters, Stage Drivers, Barkeepers, Grooms, Hostlers, Porters, Housekeepers, Wet Nurses, Seamstresses, Chamber and Child's Maids, Men and Women Cooks, Travelling Men and Women, Dairy Maids, Bound Children, and bought Servants.

A House Keeper wants a situation.

A Wet Nurse wants a situation.

Wanted, a Child to wet nurse.

COAL, of the first quality, FOR SALE. jy 8—tf

AMERICAN Walnut Street THEATRE.

This evening July 8th, will be presented the splendid drama of THE VISION OF THE SUN, or the GOLDEN HARP. No expense has been spared to render this piece worthy of the approbation of that audience, whose liberal support has overpaid the manager for all his previous exertions, and to whose judgment it is now submitted, with the assurance that no theatre either can or shall surpass it. Miss Angelica is engaged expressly to add as much as possible to the effect of this magnificent drama, as principal dancer. To conclude with a favourite farce.

ALMANAC.

JULY, 1837.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.	
8 SATURDAY,	4 39	7 21	6 17		D. H. M.
9 SUNDAY,	4 39	7 21	6 57		
10 MONDAY,	4 40	7 20	7 38		
11 TUESDAY,	4 40	7 20	8 21	New	2 4 49
12 WEDNESDAY,	4 41	7 19	9 9	First	10 8 9
13 THURSDAY,	4 41	7 19	10 1	Full	17 5 36
14 FRIDAY,	4 42	7 18	10 56	Last	24 9 6
15 SATURDAY,	4 43	7 17	11 42		

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives abt.	5 A. M.	Eastern closes at	3 P. M.
Southern,	3 to 5 P. M.	Southern closes at	1 A. M.
Western,	2 & 7 P. M.	Western at 2 P. M. & 6 A. M.	

"Sailor there is Hope for Thee."—Religious Meeting for Mariners.—With Divine Permission, the Tract Missionary will hold a meeting for Mariners next Sabbath morning, at 10½ o'clock, on board the brig Langdon Cheves lying at Girard's Wharf, above Market st. Mariners and families are affectionately invited to attend.

By Divine Permission, religious services will be held next Sabbath in the Commissioners' Hall, 2d st. above Christian, at 10½ o'clock, A. M. and at 8 P. M. ☞ Seats free.

☞ *Marriage Notices from a distance must at all times be accompanied with responsible names—otherwise they will not be published.* ☜

MARRIAGES.

On Monday evening, July 3d, by J. G. Wilson, Minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, Mr. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, merchant, to Miss ANN WALKER, widow, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Batteis, Mr. CONRAD FREDERICK STOLLMEYER, Bookseller, to Miss ANNA THERESIA SNYDER.

On Wednesday morning, the 5th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Rodney, Mr. JOHN RODNEY, Jr. merchant of Delaware, to Miss MARY, daughter of Dr. John Burton, of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. George W. Bethune, Mr. EDWIN B. HARWOOD, of Prince George's county, Maryland, to Mrs. CATHARINE WORN, of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday evening, 28th ult. at the country residence of John W. Ashmead, Esq. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Mr. GEORGE W. PIPER, of Chester, Delaware county, Pa. to Miss ANNA M. ASHMEAD, of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

Suddenly, on Friday afternoon, 30th ult. WILLIAM P. S. eldest son of William F. Murphy, aged 9 years, 1 month and 5 days.

On the morning of the 1st inst. Miss JULIANN STINEFORD, in the 34th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH SIMPSON, in the 77th year of her age.

On the morning of the 1st inst. after a short illness, Mrs. MARY E. REVER, in the 98th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. JOHN, infant son of John G. Russell.

Mrs. MARGARET JOUET, wife of the late Daniel T. Jouet, of Elizabethtown, N. J.

On the morning of the 4th of July, after a short illness, Mrs. CATHARINE HERMSTAD, in the 91st year of her age.

On the 2d inst. ALMIRA JOANNA, infant daughter of Manuel and Eliza Moses, in her 11th month.

On Saturday morning, 1st inst. at the residence of his brother, Pottsville, Sch. Co. JOHN W. WYNKOOP, aged 43 years, after a protracted illness.

On the 3d inst. JOHN HOLMES, eldest son of James B. Dare, in the 9th year of his age.

Suddenly, in New Jersey, on the 10th of June, Mr. HENRY FISHER, Sr. of Berks Co. Penn. The deceased was an amiable and deserving member of society, whose correct deportment and many virtues have long endeared him to a large circle of relatives and friends.

Communication.

WHY my dear friend, how are you? I heard only last evening, that you had a dreadful attack of the Cholera Morbus.

"I had. But do you know how I got cured of it?"

"Got cured of it! and so quick too! why do tell me how."

"Why, I used JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM. It cured me in two hours. It is one of the most astonishing and valuable medicines I ever heard of, it not only cures this complaint immediately, but it cures the Dysentary, Diarrhœa, Summer Complaints with children, and all diseases of this class, and withal it is as pleasant as any cordial to take."

"Indeed! I must get a bottle at once, and keep it in my family. Where did you get it?"

"At Mr. Sands' Drug Store, corner of Fulton and William sts. the price was only 50 cents."

"Won't you go there with me?"

"No, I'm going the very first thing I do, right to the Transcript Office, to publish all about it, and let every one know how to get cured of these complaints."

"Well, I think I'll get half a dozen bottles, and distribute them among my friends. It is just the same thing as if there were no such complaints, if you have such a remedy as this at hand."

"Just so. I think I'll just put in the paper the conversation we have had about it, people will be more likely to read it; and if any want to know more about it, they can call at 35 Sixth Avenue. So, good morning."—*N. Y. Transcript.*

We are pleased to inform our readers, that the above valuable medicine may be had of the proprietor, at No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 1—3t

The Highest Rate of Interest.

Six per cent. per annum, paid Quarterly,

Or Compound interest, carried to the credit of the Depositor every three months, at the

MANUAL LABOR BANK

AND

Six Per Cent. Saving Fund,

NORTH-EAST CORNER OF SECOND AND RACE STREETS.

Instituted February 2d, 1836.

CAPITAL $500,000.

Secured in Trust by Judgment confessed on Real Estate, and publicly recorded, accordingly to the following

CERTIFICATE.

On the 11th day of May, 1836, a Bond and Judgment, commencing from the 2nd February last, was filed in the District Court, for Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, as security for all the responsibilities of Banking and Saving Fund Deposites, incurred by Dr. Thomas W. Dyott, of the city of Philadelphia.

Copy from the Endorsement on the Bond.

"Entered in the Office of the District Court for the city and county of Philadelphia, and Warrant of Attorney filed May 11, 1836. Pro. Prothonotary.

(Signed) M. COATS.

JACOB RIDGWAY, Esq. Trustee and Bond Holder.

THE MANUAL LABOUR BANK AND SAVING FUND, has been established by the Proprietor, in order to afford a Safe Depository for the Savings of Labor, and the surplus of incomes, under an ample security of his estate, at the full rate of legal interest—a security which he believes no other institution possesses—and a rate of interest which he is certain is not paid by any other. His motive for this, is to give to the meritorious working man the full legal interest, which he ought always to obtain for his savings; and the individual responsibility of the proprietor, affords a guarantee, that he will accept no more on deposite than his interest calls for, on the single principle of his liability; and which so effectually guards and protects the common safety of all the depositors, by restricting the amount to be received, to the security pledged, of 500,000 dollars.

Deposites received every day until 9 o'clock, P. M.

Pamphlets containing terms and exposition of this establishment to be had gratis at the Banking House.

T. W. DYOTT, Banker.

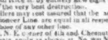
STEPHEN SIMPSON, Cashier. jy 8 '37—eowly

☞ Fare reduced to $12. ☜

PIONEER FAST PACKET LINE, TO PITTSBURGH.

Through in 3½ days—Starts every morning at SIX O'CLOCK.

Via the Philadelphia and Harrisburg Rail-roads, and Pennsylvania Canal.



The above LINE leaves the West Chester House, corner of Broad and Race sts. by entirely new eight wheel Cars and Boats of the very best description.

Travellers may rest assured that the accommodations of the Pioneer Line are equal in all respects if not superior to those of any other line.

Office, N. E corner of 4th and Chesnut street.

For seats, apply as above; at No. 200 Market st. N. E. corner 3d and Willow sts. and at No. 31 South 3d st.

A. B. CUMMINGS, Agent.

N. B.—This Line connects with the mail steam packet Line from Pittsburgh to Louisville. my 13—1tf

Information Wanted.

LEFT the residence of the Subscriber, in Byberry Township, Philadelphia county, on the afternoon of the 19th instant, under circumstances which lead to the suspicion that she was taken away by force. Rachel Ann Woods, an indented girl, about 16 years of age, took with her nothing but the clothes she had on, and one dollar in small notes of her own money. Any person giving information respecting her, will be reasonably rewarded for their trouble. JESSE WILSON.

jn 24—3t*

A Flourishing Weekly Newspaper for Sale.

THE publisher of an extensively circulated and well supported literary newspaper of the largest class, is desirous of disposing of the same, in consequence of heavy interests demanding his attention personally in the West.

The subscription list is rising eight thousand—the circulation being nearly all in the Northern states. Its location is in one of the Atlantic cities, and possesses facilities for its still greater increase, as it stands in no wise committed in the exciting topics of the day—the aim of its present conductors, having been from its commencement—(some years since) up to this time, to present a neutral and impartial review of all questions of general interest.

Its circulation alone in the city where it is published, is about two thousand regular subscribers. To a capitalist wishing to invest in a safe and lucrative business, this opportunity offers inducements which will be more fully explained by addressing "C." Philadelphia Post Office, naming the information desired, and the address of the individual desiring such information, &c. &c.

jn 10—tf*

White Mulberry.

THE Subscriber has collected, the present season, from a few very select trees, the seed of the true Italian White Mulberry (morus alba) and has also on hand a large stock of the most esteemed kinds of esculent vegetable or garden seeds, with his usual supply of Clover, Timothy, and other Grass Seeds, &c. of the best selections.

Country Merchants and others, will be furnished with such quantities as they may desire, and all orders, either for the interior or for exportation, will meet with prompt attention at the Seed Store of GEO. M. COATES,

aug 30 '36—1y* 49 Market st. below 2d.

ATKINSON'S CASKET.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The JULY Number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the following

Embellishments:

A handsome colored MAP OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, with the latest improvements—West Front of Litchfield Cathedral, England—Swiss Cottage, Lavey.—Music—"The Hunter's Call."

CONTENTS.

Description of the State of New York, with a handsomely colored Map; Paris in 1837; The Panther's Leap; The Maiden and the Tulip Bulb; Connor M'Loughlin; Recollections of a Night of Fever; Martha and Mary; The Grape Seed; The Student; West Front of Lichfield Cathedral, eng.; Swiss Cottage, Lavey, eng.; The Resurrection of Christ; The Twin Doomed; Symptoms of Genius; Childhood; Love at First Sight; Rural Charms, A Sketch; "To the Eye of Vulgar Logic;" Love's Telegraph.

POETRY.

On Eternity; The Broken Heart; The Wreck; The Bible; To Summer; The Exile's Adieu; The Bell at Sea; The Sky; Address to Sleep; Address to the Muse; The Loveliness of Christ; The Infant's Dream; The Dying Boy; Youthful Days; The Hunter's Call, set to Music; The Field of Thermopylæ.

☞ The terms of this popular publication are $2.50 per annum payable in advance, or $3 if not paid within the current year. Twelve numbers make a volume, containing about 600 closely printed pages, to this a title page and index are added at the end of the year. Considering the quality of the engravings, and the large amount of reading matter in the Casket, it is perhaps the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States.

A few copies of the Casket for 1828, '29, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35 and '36 containing an extensive variety of splendid engravings, remain on hand, which may be obtained on application at this office. Address (post paid)

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, Publisher,

my 27 26 Carter's Alley, Philada.

SMALL NOTES.

THE subscriber has had engraved an elegant general note plate, for 6¼—12½—25 and 50 cts. also for 1—2 and 3 dollars, with vignette ends and borders, in the first style of bank note engraving, for the purpose of inserting type lettering, answerable for any corporation or individual, which will be of great advantage where the amount of issue will not warrant the expense of having plates purposely engraved, as they possess all the advantages of preventing counterfeits, without any expense except printing, which will be the usual price of bank note printing. Orders from a distance, with the form of lettering will be promptly executed.

S. TILLER.

jy 1—2t 26 Carter's Alley.

Shin Plaster Pocket Books,

FOR sale, wholesale and retail, at Clark & Lippincott, S. W. corner of 4th and Race sts. north of Market.—Borough and country merchants, and others, may be supplied as above, from 50 cts. to $6 per dozen. Orders from the country will meet with prompt attention.

jy 1—6t

500 Dollars Reward.

SCHUYLKILL SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

A MALICIOUS report having been extensively circulated, that the above Institution has failed, it is proper to inform the public that it meets all its engagements on demand.

The report is a scheme by the designing to entrap the unwary, in order to get their money at discount.

All demands are paid instanter at the counter of the Institution, Walnut street, near Schuylkill.

Five Hundred Dollars Reward will be paid for the detection of the villain, who originated the above report.

D. HOOPES, Treasurer.

June 19th 1837 jn 24—3t*

TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber will sell at No. 173 Chesnut street, opposite the State House, splendid new style challies, painted lawns, Paris chintzes, linen cambric hdkfs. best quality gloves, thread edgings, superior silk and best cotton hosiery, muslin de laine at 31 cts. per yd. painted lawns at 37½ cts. rich French chintzes of a superior quality at 37½ cts. painted muslins at 68 cts. usual price $1, superior fig'd silks at 87½ cts. and best quality plain pous de soie at 75 cents. splendid black lace veils and blond demi veils, fancy scarfs and hdkfs sup black bombazines, Irish linens and lawns, fine muslins, &c. with a complete assortment of

Paris Embroideries:

Consisting of new style capes and collars on lace and muslin, infant capes, belts, lawn collars and hdkfs. camel hair shawls, &c. which the ladies are invited to call and examine.

Strangers will find it particularly to their advantage to call, as the goods are of the first quality and newest style. The lowest price named, and no abatement.

A. B. MARSHALL,

jn 3—6t No. 173 Chesnut st. above 5th st.

"Is there no Balm in Gilead?"

YES! a Balm has been found in Dr. JAYNE'S INDIAN EXPECTORANT, a Balm whose health regenerating powers never have been, nor can be, equalled.—We therefore say to the afflicted child of man, come try it. Try it in Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, and all diseases of the Lungs and Breast, and it will not deceive you. It has truly wrought miracles, in raising the afflicted from the jaws of death, and restored them to health, to joy, and to gladness. Thousands have used it, and have found relief, and therefore why not you? It may be had at No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, opposite Congress Hall. Price $1 per bottle.

jn 24—3t

On Low Spirits.

LOW SPIRITS is a certain state of the mind, accompanied by indigestion, wherein the greatest evils are apprehended upon the slightest grounds, and the worst consequences imagined. Ancient medical writers supposed this disease to be confined to those particular regions of the abdomen, technically called hypochondria, which are situated on the right or left side of the cavity, whence comes the name of hypochondriasis.

Symptoms.

The common corporeal symptoms are flatulency in the stomach or bowels, acrid eructations, costiveness, spasmodic pains, giddiness, dimness of sight, palpitations, and often an utter inability of fixing the attention upon any subject of importance, or engaging in any thing that demands vigour or courage. Also languidness—the mind becomes irritable, thoughtful, desponding, melancholy, and dejected, accompanied with a total derangement of the nervous system. The mental feelings and peculiar trains of ideas that haunt the imagination and overwhelm the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this affliction as the weakest.

Causes.

A sedentary life of any kind, especially severe study, protracted to a late hour in the night, and rarely relieved by social intercourse or exercise, a dissolute habit, great excess in eating and drinking, the immoderate use of mercury, violent purgatives, the suppression of some habitual discharge, (as the obstruction of the menses,) or long continued eruptions; relaxation or debility of one or more important organs within the abdomen, is a frequent cause.

Treatment.

The principal objects of the treatment are, to remove indigestion, to strengthen the body, and to enliven the spirits, which may be promoted by exercise, early hours, regular meals, and pleasant conversation. The bowels, if costive, being carefully regulated by the occasional use of mild aperients. We know nothing better calculated to obtain this end, than Dr. Wm. Evans's Aperient Pills—being mild and certain in their operation. The bowels being once cleansed, his inestimable Camomile Pills, (which are tonic, anodyne, and antispasmodic,) are an infallible remedy, and without dispute have proved a great blessing to the numerous public.

Some physicians have recommended a free use of mercury, but it should not be resorted to; as in many cases it will greatly aggravate the symptoms.

The medical office of Dr. WM. EVANS is at No. 100 Chatham street, N. Y., where his Camomile, as well as his excellent Family Aperient Pills, may be obtained. Sold also by his advertised country agents.

Office, No. 94 south Eighth street, near Market, west side, PHILADA.

THE ANTIDOTE.

In the midst of a general, and in many instances, unfounded prejudice against many of the medical remedies of the day, Dr. Wm. Evans' medicinal preparations have the enviable distinction of an universal approbation.—They are perhaps the only medicine publicly advertised that have the full and unreserved testimony of medical men in their favour; if not the only medicines which give full satisfaction to their purchasers. Dr. W. EVANS has the satisfaction of knowing that his CAMOMILE or TONIC PILLS are not only regularly recommended and prescribed by the most experienced physicians in their daily practice, but also taken by those gentlemen themselves, whenever they feel the symptoms of those diseases in which they well know them to be efficacious.—He knows this to be generally the case in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other large cities in which they have an extensive sale. That they should thus conquer professional prejudice and interested opposition, and secure the agency of the most eminent and best informed physicians in the country to render them useful to all classes, can only be fairly ascribed to their undeniable and pre-eminent virtues.

In sick headaches, nervous debility, spasmodic affections, prostration of muscular and vital energy and consequent loss of ease, comfort, and ultimately of life itself, they restore health in the most impaired and hopeless constitutions, not by being taken in excessive quantities, for the necessity of their use gradually decreases, as of course it ought to do, if they are good for any thing; by their direct adaption to the powers of the human stomach. There is one disease, however, which is unhappily but too prevalent, in which their ability will perhaps become pre-eminent, and that is in the disease which is produced by violent drastic purges, taken in desperate quantities, and which may be termed the "Quack-Mortem" disease. The excessive debility, both of body and mind, produced by this destructive practice, can only be relieved by a tonic, and such as the Camomile preparation contains.—Dr. W. Evans supplies an antidote for a host of public poisons, and a remedy for all those diseases which he professes to cure. A single trial will prove the vast superiority of a course of practice which is based upon science, experience, common sense and honesty.

DYSPEPSIA IN ALL ITS FORMS.—Hypochondriacism, Low Spirits, Palpitations of the heart, Nervous Irritability, Whites, Fluor Albus, Seminal Weakness, Flatulency, Heartburn, General Debility, Bodily Weakness, Chlorosis or Green Sickness, Flatulent or Hysterical Faintings, Hysterics, Head Ache, Hiccup, Sea Sickness, Night-Mare, Gout, Rheumatism, Asthma, Tic Doloreux, Cramp, Convulsions of Children, Measels, Small Pox, Whooping Cough, Rickets, Teething, Worms, &c., Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Palsy, Serous Apoplexy, and organic affections of the heart.

Persons whose nerves have been thus injured by calomel or excessive grief, great loss of blood, the suppression of accustomed discharges, or cutaneous eruptions, excess in drinking, or other causes which tend to relax and enervate the nervous system, will find a friend to soothe and comfort in Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine. Sold at No. 8 Arcade, Philadelphia, where they can be obtained wholesale or retail.

Sold also by his advertised country agents. Agents are wanted South and West.

Agents for Dr. Evan's Pills.

Wm. N. Stevens, fancy store, No. 293 north Third street, 1 door above Noble street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Parker, book store and library, Beach st. Kensington.

George Passmore, corner 10th and Green sts.

Mr. Peckworth, Wilmington, Del.

Ham & Davis, Norristown.

H. Ritchie, Post Master, New Castle, Del.

David Jones, Phœnixville, Chester county, Pa.

Nathan Davis, Camden, N. J.

J. M'Pherson, Trenton, N. J.

W. C. & F. Webb, Georgetown, Ky.

Mr. Maxwell, Lancaster, Pa.

Mr. Wm. Matthias, Columbia.

Mr. James Gardner, Robbstown.

Andrew Means, Manayunk.

John Levering, Roxborough.

Joseph Rogers, Trappe, Montgomery co.

George Getz, Reading, General Agent for Berks co.

Henry Freas, Germantown.

H. Z. Powell, Chester.

Joseph Scott, Wilmington, 93 Market st. ap 1—tf

Money Wanted—on Mortgage.

THE advertiser wishes to borrow from Five to Eight Thousand Dollars, for which a Mortgage will be given on unencumbered Market street property, worth Twenty five Thousand Dollars. Address M. W. through the Philadelphia Post Office. my 20—tf

THE CLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From Parley's Magazine.

THE DOG.

"He will not come," said one gentle child,
And she pressed the poor dog's head,
And she pleasantly call'd him and fondly smil'd,
But he heard her not, as his anguish wild,
Nor arose from his lowly bed.

'Twas his master's grave where he chose to rest,
He guarded it night and day;
The best thing given to his grateful breast,
For the friend who had fed, controlled, caress,
Might never fade away.

And when the long grass waved round near,
Beneath's some hasting trend,
He started up with a quivering cat,
For he thought 'twas the step of his Master dear,
Returning from the dead.

But sometimes when a storm drew nigh,
And the clouds were dark and fleet,
He lent out with a mournful cry,
As if he would force his way, or die,
To his much-loved Master's feet.

So there through the Summer's heat he lay,
'Till Autumn's sighs grew bleak,
'Till his eye grew dim with his howl's decay,
And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,
A skeleton gaunt and meek.

And oft the pitying children brought
Their offering of meat and bread,
And to coax him away to their homes they sought,
But his brutal Master he ne'er forgot,
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

Cold Winter came, with an angry sway,
And the low he deep and stern,
Then the mourning grew farmer day by day,
'Till close where the broken tomb-stone lay,
He fell, there ne more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,
And Death was by his side,
With a re-kind cry that shook the plain,
He called for his Master,—but all in vain,
Then stretched beneath, and died.

L. H. S.

FOOTPRINTS.—During the disgraces which befel Fourcher, I have repeatedly found Napoleon re-regretting that he no longer had the advantage of his sovereignty, he would say to me, repeatedly, "I am ruined. He is fitted to be a minutered the interior publicist—the very devil would have nothing to teach him."

We know a young lady who so puckered up her mouth by pronouncing exquisite words, that when she began to speak, you involuntarily stoop forward expecting to receive a kiss from her.—*Western Messenger.*

BAD SET DEAD YET.—*Bass's bad!*—not his *bad* substantive: for he is not a shoemaker, but *bad* adjective: pants. Peter Johson, the Hoaxer, who by the bye, wears the same garden squash a tavern down-town, and has caused P. T. to get dared on his signboard after his name. One of Bass's friends observing it suggested, that the meaning might be "Sarsaparilla Peddler, which another denied. Bass was called in as umpire.—On the case being explained to him, he said:—"Gentlemen you are wrong, the man has lost a few locks of hair and of course wears *Tempers, two P's!*.—*Visitor.*

A GOOD STORY.—It is said of a gentleman in this city, that he has a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auction—and that in making that purpose he has filled his house with antiquated, and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion his wife took the responsibility, without consulting or appraising her husband, to purchase of the last useful truck ever removed to auction-room. Great was her dismay, and extreme her astonishment, when on the evening of the day of sale a majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auction room, and knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at higher bargains than at the first!

A new county was laid off a few months ago in Tennessee and called "Benton. Within said county a town was recently laid, and Judge ——, a venerable old gentleman, was consulted as to the most appropriate name to be given to it. "Why," said the judge, "I know of no better way to tell you, but as you have named your county after one of the greatest men of the nation, I rather think you had better carry out the notion and call your town *Nero*."

"TALKING TURKEY."—The Oneida (N. Y.) Democrat, gives the following as the original of the expression:

"Talking turkey," "as we understand it," means to talk to a man as he wants to be talked to, and the phrase is thus derived. An Indian and a white man went a shooting in partnership, and a wild turkey and a crow were all the result of the day's tout. The white man, in the usual way of making a bargain with the Indian, proposed a division of the spoils in this way: "Now Wampum, you may have your choice; you have shot a crow and I'll take the turkey; or, if you'd rather, I'll take the turkey, and you take the crow." The Indian reflected a moment, the generous alternative thus offered, and replied, "I gib you talk turkey to me a bit."

DESTINY.—One of the most striking recollections of the truth of destiny, is in an Eastern legend. A man was walking in his garden with one of his attendants, when a figure entered the gate, whose appearance struck the attendant with terror. He turned to Solomon and exclaimed, "King! that being fills me with dread—send me, I pray thee, to the furthest mountain of the Caucasus." Solomon, in his capacity of magician, instantly consented and granted the request. The figure approached the King, and said, "Solomon, how came that man in the house? my errand was to seize the soul of Caucasus." "An Angel of death," answered Solomon, "thou will find him there."

GALLANTRIES OF NAPOLEON'S BROTHERS.—"Napoleon's brothers were fond of the fair sex. One of them, Joseph Bonaparte, the uncle of the cousin of the imperial guard, the husband unexceedingly eaten, the mother of the ex-queen of Sweden, was extremely hearing or seeing him. He surprised the pretty pair, and jealousy overpowering all prudence he without more to do drew his sword, and was on the point of running both through the body. But Bonaparte interposed, and with kind given him admission, but was some of his hand, placed herself between the irritated husband and his victims; and not knowing how to parry the mortal blow—'Wretch, exclaimed she, 'this is the emperor's brother!'"

CHRISTENINGS.—They tell of Bishop Portteus, that he had an utter aversion to long baptismal names, and never used more than one name. That, being called upon, when a parish priest, to christen poor man's child, named Timothy, he dipped his finger hastily into the basin, cut the matter and the names short, and christened the child "Tom Tit."

A man, who belonged to the next parish, presented himself. "What book place is exactly as those below?" "Say the name," said I, with my finger to the water. "Acts, sir," said he. "Acts," said I, "what do you mean?" Thinks I to myself, I have had the clerk to deal with. He said, Acts.—Acts was the babe, and will be white in this life, and will be doubly, trebly, so rugged, even if marriage or Sea. Afterwards, in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a name. Her answer was quotation: "Why, sir, we be religious people; we go to church every Sunday, and we have read Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and so my husband thought he'd complement the Apostles with this little dab of living mortar was too much; even I could not help laughing, for haste no doubt the will go on to Reformation, being honestly ministerially religious people.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.—There is a story of Archbishop Usher, that he went about and visited his friends unexpectedly, and saw how they were employed, and how their family fared. It is said that on one occasion he went in disguise, and begged alms at the door of his house. The curate was out upon his duty; but his prudent wife soundly reformed the old man, and for once gave him relief. "For shame, old man, at these years to be begging. These are the usual fruits of an honest, industrious, and godly life. Tell me old man, how many commandments are there?" The old man, not seeing the snare, unsuspectingly answered "Eleven." "I thought so," said she. "go home, old man, and learn the catechism: and when next time you are asked, say ten."

The archbishop took his departure, and had it formally announced that he should preach the next day on the parish church. The morning came: little thought the good woman that the archbishop was the old alms-beggar, till he gave his text, and commenced "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." "I told you so," said she to the sermon," by this text, would seem, be not the ten commandments." The old man was reproved, and the curate's wife acknowledged, with some shame to herself, that there was another, and a new commandment.

AUSTRIA AND THE AUSTRIANS.

PARISIANS OF AUSTRIA.—Finding a convenient place at the corner of St. Stephen's cathedral, I stood there until the barrouche along the line announced the imperial carriages. It was a plain, handsome chariot, drawn by six white horses, the postiliones being let down, and the superior and empress bowed slightly on each side, as they passed along. He was in the usual Austrian white uniform, and little adorned. He looked rather florid, yet wearily in appearance. She pale, slender, and delicate, and in a very simple dress and bonnet, looked lovely.—Two servants sat on the rumble behind, and a second wagon sort of carriage, with two ladies, maids of honor, I presume, and two other females, with servants, I suppose followed. In this style, without guards, the emperor and his consort went out for the capital, and proceed to their palace.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.—The empress drives out in her chariot with a lady companion, both very plainly, but very neatly attired. A few persons who happen to be promenading at the time on the terrace of the garden, usually walk quietly up to the unshowy palace door, when they see the imperial carriage drive up, to have a look, within a few feet or two of each of their majesties, who, whatever be the form of the Austrian government, go daily unattended by guards, and neither by day nor by night ever entertain the idea of being disguised. The late emperor used almost daily to walk out, sometimes alone, sometimes with the empress, and without any company among the citizens.

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.—For the way nearly five years of age before he left France; he was remarkable for precocity, repartee, and, indeed, recollect the column Vendome, and the military splendor of his father's court. He however, seldom spoke on the subject; he seemed to feel it would be an impropriety to do so in his grandfather's dominions. He left Paris at the arrival at Vienna, while he was playing with the imperial children, one of whom found a silver medal, which happened to be one of those struck in honor of the battle of Toulouse; it was shown the latter, by the young archduke, saying, "Whose bust is that?" "C'est moi, répond l'etats roi de Rome," eagerly replied the young Napoleon.

PRINCE METTERNICH.—He is a remarkable handsome old fellow, with a fine head of hair, and stands erect. His countenance is open, intellectual and agreeable, without any formality, and without any fascination in the manner. He is other than being courteously polite and frank, in a plain, unostentatious, well bred way, to who approach him. He dresses like a well confessional, unaffected English gentleman. He talks a good deal, but I think seldom so as not to interest. He believes that he has not a personal enemy in the world. One of his friends says how he should—although I should be sorry to swear that he has not—never if I am not deceived, the jealousy of which weak minds, and often also more enterprising ones, have been the object, attained so elevated a position in the world's affairs.

KOSCIUSKO.—The Cossacks, in their course of plunder, came upon the tomb of Kosciusko. The horde brandished their spears over the veteran's head, and rerouted in pillaging his cottage, when he endeavored to conciliate them by the exhibition of the insignia of his unmilitary conduct. Finding his remonstrances ineffectual, he bared his bosom, showed his wounds, and exclaimed, "Barbarians, respect the asylum of a soldier, or dishonor your profession." "Who art thou?" demanded the chief. "I am he" who speaks our tongue, and dares thus address you." "Kosciusko!" "The same." The Cossacks fell at his feet, and craved forgiveness. They offered, on leaving the place, to be allowed or to be stationed at the humble residence of the Polish patriot.

SCHUBRI, THE BANDIT.—The chief of the bandits encamped in the mountains in Hungary is called Schubri, or Sobri. Various accounts of his birth and parentage have been given from time to time. It was first believed that he was of noble birth; and the heroism of his character and his daring boldness, as well as the refined of conversation at all the inns and little towns in Hungary. It has since been said that he was one of the class of wandering shepherds, who have emigrated from Servia, and who have the honest men. Schubri's audacious appearances have been so frequent as to establish him independently in a most daring position. He enters towns by himself; dines at table d'hotels; and on leaving, says to the guests, "I will go!" and just will boast is having dined with Schubri."

A GERMAN BED.—If you are not subject to the nightmare, you should avoid sleeping in a German bed; and, on sleeping, find yourself in spite of all resistance, as probably falling down into the bottomless gulf, and enter together with where a legion of devils, in all demoniac shapes, are preparing to seize you. The thief of which had is supposed to be all the covering necessary: you have to make a bed, and you will be cold to you, and I never saw a blanket in Germany. I you must, at least, have two feather beds, and if you be asleep at the time, 'tis possible you may dream of being drowned by the Esquimaux. and left to perish in Greenland's icy country. Perhaps the necessity of remaining immovable when in bed, in one of the causes which, by its continued habit, have rendered the people not be realise in those of other countries.

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE LADIES.—Lord Brougham never was a favourite with the ladies. And this is not to be wondered at, for all the public men I know, he has the least gallantry. I recollect one day, a short time before his retirement from the office of lord chancellor, that a remarkably interesting and very pretty young lady took a seat in the strangers gallery, while the court opened in the morning, till nearly 3 o'clock. She was there when the chancellor took his lordship, as if she had something she wished to say to himself, but the same case having lasted all that time, no opportunity presented itself of making any communication to him. The features of the lady seemed to wear the cast of bestowed many a glance at the unknown beauty but all in vain. Had such a thing occurred, I am taxed in the rigidly of his features as he stole a look of her during the day, and handsome countenance. On the case before the court closing, he returned in with a trembling step and a palpitating heart, to the lobby, where the lady and her party sat, and thence endeavored to reach a paper that held in her hand to his lordship. "Is this for me?" said he, will all that tartness of manner for which he is distinguished, and in the hurried desire to take the paper from her. "It is petition, my lord, to your lordship," said the young lady, in a low and tremulous tone, her countenance assuming a colouring. "Here it to my secretary—give it to my secretary," said his lordship, hastily and shaking his hand as if there had been pollution in the touch. The poor mortified lady retreated, as if she could have dropped on the floor. The secretary took the paper from her, and she quitted the court. At her return to the strangers gallery, though lawyer's hearts are not general rule, the feelings of the bar were touched deeply for the situation of the young lady; and their tongues were loosened in censure of one of their countenance. I have often before seen Mr Charles Wetherell, and I saw him that day the first time I ever saw him look absolutely savage. Neither Lord Eldon nor Lord Lyndhurst would have acted, for worth, in the same way to so modest and interesting a young lady. And if most eminently, the gallantry, and politeness with liberalism, that the liberals cannot stand a moment's comparison with the tories in point of politeness to their fellow men, or for gallantry to the female sex. I am confident that all the knights errant of old must have been tories, and tories, though I by no means intend to say they were virtuous men, for I do not. But I mean to say ever saw a tory to avenge the slights offered to the fair sex. Had Lord Brougham been a tory, or of chivalry, and there had been no judicial protection thrown around him, he would have had to answer in single combat for such ungallant conduct the moment he quitted the court. A score of chivalrous tories would have quarrelled with each other who should have the honor of challenging him to combat. But as he is a whig, if there be any truth in the science of gentlemanly conduct, he will be left to "grace less" though he always is, felt as if he could have wished to make the matter the ground of a personal quarrel with his lordship.—*The Bench and the Bar.*

I know not how it is, but people in our theatres are uncommonly attentive to the actors when it was most unpopular, on account of his wife: the play-goers did not like her. Even in the days soon when the allied sovereigns were in England, all of them accompanied George IV. then regent, to Drury Lane Theatre. The Princess of Wales, to vex him, entered an opposite box, about ten minutes after the arrival of the King, and had taken their seats with marked applause. There was a momentary pause—and then a burst of hisses of expectation while the audience were in doubt as to the manner in which the fingered would treat his wife, whom he had not seen for many years. Annoyed, as he must have been by the reception given to her, he was too much a man of the world to lose his self-possession.—He rose and bowed to the audience, how the Princess, and the Allied Sovereigns immediately did the same.—This act of courtesy was received amid the undivided applause of the audience, and the Princess soon quitted the theatre, having taken nothing by her motion.

The present King and Queen have rarely visited the theatres of late. The last time they were there, the public were edified by seeing the Queen poor and a cup of tea for the King, and cream and sugar to his taste. The audience applauded this as if it were a virtue, and the newspapers gravely spoke of it as if it were an action worthy of being gazetted among "the noble achievements of women."—*Lond. Mag*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BALLOON ADVENTURE AT NIGHT.

Mr. Holland, a gentleman of scientific habits, projected the enterprise which has strikingly signalized avocations of our day. On Monday, Nov. 7, 1836—at half past one in the afternoon, Mr. Holland rose from Vauxhall Gardens with a moderate breeze from the south-east. It passed over Kent. The weather was singularly fine. Every minute was distinctly seen, and every exertion that emulation could inspire was used by the aeronauts, which would have carried them to Lumberland taking the lead, with the flag-ship of the fleet on board.

"This will not do, Sir Edward; it is certainly Le Guincrux, and to my flag-ship you must come instantly, with your sword and shall beat the Northumberland."

"I will do the utmost, my lord: get the engine to work on the sails—hang buts of water to the stays—pipe the larmards down, and starn the place shot in them—slack the stays, knock up the wedges and give the masts play—start the water, my lord, and pump the ship. The Foudroyant is drawing a-head, and at last takes the lead in the chase. The sailors, all working as his fin, (the stump of his right arm,) do not cross to hear, I suppose.

The advice was good, for at that moment Nelson opened his eyes on the quarter-deck of the ship. "I'll knock you off your perch, you rascal, if you are so inattentive—Get your self a-head immediately, and go to the weather wheel."

"A strange sail a-head of the chase," called the look-out.

"Youngster to the mast-head—what! you without your glass, and be d——d to you!—let me know what else is immediately."

"A sloop of war or frigate my lord," shouted the young signal midshipman.

"Demasd her colours."

"The Success my lord."

"Captain Parker, I presume, to cut off the lying enemy—great odds, though—thirty-two small guns to eighty large ones."

"Captain Parker, sure to the attwart-hawse of the Generaux, and is firing her larboard guns," said Sir Edward, as he hastily hoisted his telescope, with a rear-admiral's flag.

"Bravo—bravo Parker!"

"She has were round, my lord, and firing her starboard guns across the bows of the enemy, but four flying kites are flying away altogether. The enemy is close on the Success, who must turn her guns immediately upon them. The Success opens her fire on her elder enemy, and every gun is heard distinctly, as the two ships engage. "The smoke clears away, and there is the Success, engaging on both sides, and gallantly clearing up after the enemy."

"The signal for the Success to discontinue the fight, and rejoin the admiral's stern," said Lord Nelson: "she has done well for her size—try a broadside from the quarter deck at her, Sir Edward."

"It goes over her."

"Heat to quarters, and fire coolly and deliberately at her masts and yards."

"At that moment the whole moment opened her fire on us, and as a shot passed through the main top-sail, Lord Lumberland and the other youngsters on the band, asked him jocularly, how he liked the service, and whether something like alarm depicted on his countenance, coolly replied, that he was not afraid of a shot or two